# Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1838. VOL. VII. No. 50.


### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

W. C. R.'s packet of Plays was duly mailed in this city on the 24th inst.

A letter from Mr. H. R., of Raleigh, has been duly received. It appears by the post-mark that a double postage was paid by Mr. R.;—we know not why, for the letter was but half of a sheet, with no enclosure. Will Mr. R. bear this in mind?

H. D.'s favor came indeed too late. It did not reach New York till the day after the sale. On every account we regret it.

Pete's favor of the 30th ult. is at hand. Our thanks, Mr. Whetstone.

To Dr. W. C. M. we reply, that for some time past we have been thinking of an enterprise similar to the one he suggests. But the difficulties of the times almost drove the thought from our mind. Upon the return of a part of our force to town, the matter shall be seriously considered. C.'s favorable opinion flatters and encourages us much.

We acknowledge with pleasure the renewal of intercourse with W. of L. His favors will soon appear.

We regret that little progress has been made in Mr. J. H. J. B.'s required searches. We could find no one entirely competent. But still they are in progress.

J. H. T.'s papers have been forwarded. We regret the irregularity of the mail far more than can our friend. We do not exaggerate in saying, that it costs us a full thousand a-year.

To G. N. S., of Ky., our warmest thanks are due for his great and continued kindness and attention.

A. B. was a little too late for this week.

We have also a letter from Oseola—not the Seminole.

We acknowledge Seebright's spirited communication on a theatrical subject. It came too late to receive deliberate attention this week, but as we intend to act with perfect consideration and perfect fairness on the subject alluded to, he may rely that his letter will not remain unnoticed by us—albeit, not quite in the vein of the "Panther Hunt."

## Things Theatrical.

A uniformity, not unpleasing, has reigned at our different theatres the past week. We have seen but little ourselves of the stage and its attractions, and can speak only of what we have seen, and must therefore confine ourselves to the Park.

The ever delightful CARADORI ALLAN has drawn brilliant, but not crowded houses; indeed, the charm of her music is hardly fitted for the common class of us coarse-minded play-goers: her dominion is rather among the *cognoscenti*. But all can perceive, and perceiving love, the bird-like clearness of her voice; her upper notes are liquid, and round, and clear, like tones breathed from the flute, while her exquisite taste, and feeling heart, give an expression to her music that no instrument ever attained. Her voice never breaks,—she attempts nothing to which it is not equal; her style is pure,—no excess of ornament, so apt to wait on such powers. With a face beaming with delight, Caradori seems herself to revel in the sweet sounds she pours forth, and the audience listens entranced, hardly more by the skill she displays in music than by their sympathy with the pleasure of the artist. So great a favorite we have scarcely before had amongst us.

La Sonnambula, Cinderella, and the Barber of Seville are the only operas in which she has appeared the present engagement. In thus circumscribing the range of the entertainments, they become vastly more pleasing. The choruses are more perfect, each subordinate more familiar with his part, and above all, the audience become familiar with the music. We Yankees are but "unlicked cubs" in musical matters; we require drilling to appreciate singing, as well as to sing. Our musical education is wofully deficient in youth, in age we must be studious;—we must *cram* to enjoy an opera,—know every part,—be familiar with the action and the music, that each part may harmonize in our minds, and form one entire and melodious whole. For this reason are we pleased that Madame Allan confines herself to a few choice and beautiful operas, which have long been favorably associated in our minds with the charms and powers of previous vocalists.

On Tuesday evening Madame LECOMTE took her second benefit. It was of the right kind,—a full and elegant house, just such as she deserved. She improves nightly in her dancing, and we are astounded at the obstinacy or stupidity of those who affect not to perceive her grace or excellence. Upon the occasion of her benefit, Monsieur Lecomte, her husband, and Mr. Hughes, the leader of the orchestra, appeared. We were so unfortunate as to hear but little of that part of the performance in which Mons. Lecômte took part; but on all hands we hear his voice and action, and knowledge of music, commended. His slight acquaintance with the language is of course a drawback; but he is fast overcoming that. Of Mr. Hughes we will not speak till we hear him again. We were told he was laboring under a slight indisposition, and his voice seemed to lack its usual compass. Still he sang like a musician, as he surely is, and his action was good. On Thursday evening he appeared again for the benefit of Mr. Richings, than whom no one on the Park stage, we are persuaded, has more strong personal friends.

We have not had the pleasure of visiting the National, but understand that the spectacle of Telemachus has had a continual run of popularity, which it owes to the beauty and splendor of the scenery, and the surpassing *form* of Miss NELSON's—limbs.

Mrs. BAILEY and Mr. PLUMER, are, we rejoice to see, eminently successful at New Orleans. It would be strange, indeed, were our Southern friends insensible to the beautiful features and ravishing voice of the former, or unobservant of the high musical talents, gentlemanly deportment, and attention to his professional duties so apparent in our friend P. May it ever be, as now, our pleasant task to chronicle their success.

In consequence of the outrageously indecent conduct of some of the frail sisterhood, the manager of the Washington theatre has determined on shutting up the third tier of his establishment. The scenes occasionally enacted in other theatres we could name, are not of the most creditable description, and might, peradventure, be improved by a little gentle admonition from the proper authorities. The license indulged in in these "upper circles," is enough to make one exclaim to the managers—

"Ye who have *tiers*, prepare to (close) them now."

A numerous meeting, comprising many of the most distinguished citizens of Philadelphia, was held there on the evening of the 20th, to make the necessary arrangements for testifying to Mr. WEMYSS the high esteem in which they hold his public and private character; when it was resolved, that for that purpose, a complimentary benefit should be given him at the Walnut-Street Theatre. To judge from the standing of the parties with whom the plan originates, we conclude that it is destined to convey to Mr. W. a pretty solid and substantial token of their approbation.

Mr. FORREST has been playing at the Chesnut-Street Theatre to respectable, not crowded, houses during the past week.

The giant and dwarf (PORTER and Maj. STEVENS) have been the "twin stars" (rather oddly matched by the bye) at the Walnut Street, for the few last nights.

Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES performed with much *eclat* at Charleston, on the 17th, as the heroine of her own tragedy, "Octavia Bragaldi." The Courier of that day gives at full length the complimentary notice of the piece which appeared in the N. Y. Sunday Morning News, shortly after its production, endorsing, with all its wonted gallantry, the favorable opinions therein expressed.

In running our eye lately over the theatrical critiques contained in a London paper of Dec. 10, we remarked the following paragraph, which we consider it but justice to a very excellent actor to re-publish in our columns. Cases of misapprehension, like the one subjoined, are sufficiently calculated to detract from the professional reputation, and to annoy the feelings of a performer, to make it an act of duty on the part of the press to correct them as soon as the true circumstances become known:—

"Our old friend Harry Johnston has made a highly successful *debut* at the National Theatre, New York. The Morning Courier of that city, in discussing his merits, remarks that 'in juvenile tragedy, and as the hero of melo dramas, he bore a long and undisputed sway, until the appearance of James Wallack at Drury Lane, changed the current of public opinion from an old to a younger favorite.' The latter part of these observations, we feel it due to the fame of Mr. H. Johnston to state, are erroneous, as it is well known Mr. James Wallack did not appear on the London boards until three years after Mr. H. Johnston had quitted them for Ireland, to assume the duties of manager."

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We have never met with a prettier manifestation of *constancy* in woman than is displayed in the annexed poem. To be sure the object of her affection has grown better as he grew older. She remembers him once, the kindest and gentlest, the most amusing and instructive, of all her girlish acquaintances; but as for his personal appearance in *those* days, why, "the least said the soonest mended." When life was new, he was a sad fellow, indeed; but now he is quite an exquisite, and at times looks gorgeous as a spread peacock's tail. Yet is he not puffed up by his finery, nor is it put on to conceal the approaches of old age. No, he is still unchanged in voice and smile—not a wrinkle is on his cheek or forehead—not a crow's foot has touched his eye—not a faculty of his mind or a feeling of his heart has been in the least degree withered or impaired. He is one of ten thousand! delightful to the heart as the Sabbath sunshine; and dear as the apple of the eye! Old age bends over him to have his youth renewed, and youth pores upon him, pressed close to his very bosom.

We say not that the lady who wrote this poem is indisputably and undeniably the most beautiful of all women—we might get our ears boxed if we did—but we do say, that we can see her face even now smiling through the thin haze issuing from our gently breathing Havana. There is no tooth absent without leave from that rosy mouth; no frown contracting that brow, where good-humor loves to dwell; no vacant stare dims the celestial loveliness of those dark-blue eyes; her voice seems

"To murmur in the living brook
A music sweeter than its own."

and as her fairy fingers glide over a surface pure as her own thoughts, a thrill of pleasure runs through the literary world in general, and our brother of the Mirror in particular. That husband of hers must be a happy dog! In the last whiff of our Principe, we see contentment weaving his chains of silk and velvet, and as that long line of little ones passes before us—fourteen to the dozen—we discover that the squalling of children is nothing—when one is accustomed to it. Now for the poem:—

THE MIRROR.

I cannot stop the Mirror,
I've ta'en it since a child!
'Tis like an old, familiar friend,
That oft my care beguiled—
I've wept full often o'er its page,
But quite as often smiled.

I will not stop the Mirror,
I've registered a vow!
Full fifteen years, since I subscribed,
Have flown, I scarce know how!
I was a budding spinster then—
I'm wife and mother now.

I've always loved the Mirror,
Have been its constant friend—
And never failed, for number one,
Its yearly cost to send.
And I have done so now again,
And will, till life shall end.

The dear, delightful Mirror,
An interest has for me,
Above all periodicals
Of light or learned degree;
Without it weekly, I'd be tossed,
A chartless ship at sea.

I've long esteemed the Mirror,
Friend of all womankind;
Its end and aim to mend the heart
And to enlarge the mind.
A better or an abler work
Has never been designed.

The writers for the Mirror
Unwearied tax their powers
To give a freshness and a charm
To this dear work of ours:
All bringing to the hive their sweets,
Like bees from honeyed flowers.

Just glance upon the Mirror,
Its polished surface view!
How beautiful all things within,
And yet how changing too!
Tho' Time has made the Mirror *old*,
He keeps it ever *new*.

Around the peerless Mirror
A world of beauty throngs—
Its rich and rare engravings,
Its wood-cuts and its songs,
And tale, or jest, with novelty,
The glowing charm prolongs.

What! dearest, stop the Mirror!
I tell thee, husband mine,
I'll do without a shawl this year,
A bonnet new decline—
But do not stop the Mirror, Charles,
For that I can't resign.

Here comes the New York Mirror,
A literary pearl!
So, lady muses, melt in air,
Or off to Tophet whirl!
You're welcome, old companion mine!
Once more I am a girl!

New York Mirror. PORTIA.

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*Hugging Lane.*—An old lady in the city allowed her maid to attend evening service at a chapel; the maid, however, came home frequently rather late, stating that the gentleman preached a very long sermon, or that the last hymn was sung again. The old lady got out of temper, and insisted upon knowing upon the last occasion, if she had not been elsewhere in coming home.

"Why, marm," said the girl, "I certainly did stop a little in Hugging-lane."

"Why you good for nothing girl," said the mistress, "you confess it do you? I'll find out who that fellow *Lane* is that you've been hugging."

*Taking the Odds.*—A ship in an action had a ball that passed through her side; a jolly sailor was observed looking out at the hole the ball had made.

"What the devil are you doing here?" said the Captain.

"Why, your honor, I was thinking that the odds are a hundred to one that *another* ball comes through this here hole."

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE READING ROOM.—We had intended to write a notice of Mr. Gilpin's new reading-room, but find one so excellent in the *Courier and Enquirer* of Thursday, that we hasten to adopt it. Too much cannot be said of the convenience of Mr. Gilpin's ship letter office: upon depositing your letters with him for any part of the world, you may be sure that they will be forwarded by the earliest vessels, and with perfect regularity.

"*Merchants Exchange Reading Room.*—We sincerely congratulate the merchants and the public generally of our city, upon the re-establishment of this great commercial accommodation, where its title and location are identical. Mr. Gilpin, the spirited and obliging proprietor of this establishment, moved into a spacious apartment, situated on the west side of the new Merchants' Exchange, yesterday, where the space, light, and general comfort are all that the man of business can desire for accomplishing the purpose which usually takes him there. This Reading Room is 65 feet in length, by 30 in breath; the ceiling consists of groined arches, supported on eight massy Doric pillars of granite, and the whole building is strictly and certainly fire-proof. The papers are placed on sets of double desks, allowing spacious passages along both sides of the room and between the desks; the room has ample light by windows on both sides during the day, and with elegant gas light in the evening. In connexion with the Reading Room is a Foreign Letter Office, where letters for all parts of the world are received, and thence forwarded by the earliest possible conveyances. The letter bags of the various packets will be found at this office always,—and when vessels are detained after the days of sailing announced, extra letter bags are generally forwarded when such is possible. This letter office, it will be observed, also combines the great advantage of being perfectly fire-proof.

We should inform our readers, however, that this is not intended to be permanently the situation of the "Merchants' Exchange Reading Room." When the entire of this spacious building shall be completed, the room immediately above this will be used as such. It will be of the same length and breadth as that we have now described; but will be a loftier apartment, will have still better light from the windows; and all the securities from fire or accident, which characterizes the lower room. Most sincerely we wish Mr. Gilpin a long and prosperous career, and believe that our wish will be re-echoed by all who have the satisfaction of knowing him.

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*Portrait Painting.*—We perceive with gratification that the Fine Arts continue to make their way in our city, notwithstanding the evils of the times. An increasing attention on the part of the public is marked by a corresponding progress in the efforts of our artists. Painting is among the first of the handmaids of intellectual and social refinement, not only in itself, but in the general estimation; and Portrait Painting is an especial and deserving favorite with all. It is the talisman of memory—of sentiment—of thought. The features of the loved departed, who have been torn from us by fortune—perhaps by death—still greet our longing vision, and return us the smiles of affection from the glowing canvass to which the pencil of Art has transferred them. In a recent visit to the study of a promising young artist—Mr. D. R. Barker, 547 Pearl-street—we were struck with the number and variety of Portraits there passing from inception to perfection. Vigorous manhood, chubby infancy, gray old age, and peerless beauty, seem starting to life from his canvass; and those who can command an hour, will spend it pleasantly in giving them an examination.

## REMARKS ON FOREIGN STUDS AND HORSES, &c.

BY NEPTUNE.

I am but lately returned from a somewhat lengthened tour on the continent; and being without any immediate occupation of pleasure or amusement, I have noted the following few reflections on the state of some of the foreign countries I have seen with respect to that favorite animal of mine, the *Horse*.

On my first arrival in London I found the public atttention drawn to the announced sale of the Royal Stud; and some of the organs of the press loudly exclaimed against the increasing export of our best horses and mares; and sundry *sage* paragraphs appeared as to the likely injury to arise to our breeds from the increasing desire on the part of foreigners to possess our best blood.

Now so far from any injury likely to accrue from the fact of so many of our best horses and mares being exported, I think it is the most advantageous thing that could possibly have happened, and most likely to preserve to us the *superiority* in our breed of horses. If it was not for the great encouragement our breeders receive from this very circumstance, they could not possibly afford to rear the number of young horses they do; and furthermore, as they are now nearly certain of finding purchasers at high prices for good colts, it is their interest to spare no expense or care while young to bring them to good size. I am induced to believe, if all colts were treated on the plan of our blood stock, and had plenty of corn from the moment they could eat it, they would amply repay the owners, at least for some years to come; for, in spite of the establishments of so many government studs in different parts of Europe, foreigners must come to our market for many years to replenish their stock.

Remember we have been some hundreds of years getting our breed of horses to the present perfection, and most of the foreign countries have only just begun; and some have not turned their attention to it at all, though, as they gradually improve in riches and luxuries, the people will begin to see the deficiency of their native breeds.

Only let the demand for our blood continue increasing as it has within these few years (and that it must increase is my firm opinion, from the gradually spreading conviction over all the continent of the great advantage and value of a better description of animal), and I have no fears but we shall be always able to meet the demand for *good horses*, even were it ten times greater than it is at present.

Ask our breeders and owners of race-horses what they think about it? They will tell you to a man, the more they (the foreigners) buy the better! They can now afford to train and try colts which formerly we never should have thought of, and the increase in the number of horses in training over all parts of England within these few years attests the fact.

As for the opinion that our *best* horses only are taken, I think it is fallacious. That they take a great many more *good* horses now than formerly may be true, because they have become better judges; but I believe they leave quite as many good ones in the country, from the simple reason that a much greater number of horses are now bred: for if a breeder can now afford to rear a dozen colts where ten or twelve years ago he only reared three, has he not four times the chance of getting first-rate horses? and, consequently, will there not always be a greater number of first-rate horses in the country? Besides, foreigners do not in general buy blood-stock under three years of age, by which time most of our race horses have earned their keep, if really good; and where they sprang from others will come.

I am quite sure that many of our horses which have been exported, and who have proved good average horses, never would have been put in training if it had not been that their owners thought, that, if they only turned out tolerably good runners, they would fetch a remunerating price in the foreign market. Very few of these horses pay their expenses if kept long in training, and have been much engaged while young; but if an owner of race horses can calculate upon 600*l.* or 700*l.* for a moderate four-year-old, it is worth while to risk the expense; and if he should turn out a flyer, and win any of the great stakes, so much the better. I do therefore look upon this great demand for our blood horses as the greatest God-send that could possibly happen.

Many an unknown stallion, whose stock people have never ventured to put in training, will now have a chance of establishing a reputation; and I should not be surprised, ere many years elapse, to see the Derby or Leger carried off by the son or daughter of some obscure sire. No doubt a number of weedy worthless animals will also be bred; but where the demand for good horses is so great, and such high prices are obtained, I think we are justified in concluding that the breeders will, from their care and attention, be able to produce a greater proportion of valuable animals.

There is one great cause why England should always possess a vast superiority over all the nations of the continent in breeding of horses, and which never can prevail in those countries to the same extent it does with us: I allude to the fondness for field-sports so general among our nobility and gentry: there is not a county in England that does not possess several packs of hounds, and annual racing meetings of some kind; and the encouragement thereby given is incalculable. This partiality for every amusement connected with the horse is, I may say, born with most Englishmen: it is nurtured at our schools and universities; it grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength, and at last becomes a firm and ruling passion, which never ceases till *his race is run.* This feeling is not confined to a few; it extends to all ranks, from the Duke to the peasant: from the north to the south, from the east to the west, it is the same: and the man who goes to the end of a good and severe run over the moors of Cornwall is as much talked of in his particular district as ever Tom Smith or Lord Forester were in the aristocratic fields where they so long lived.

Now in no country on the continent is horse-racing or hunting ever likely to become a *national* sport. The habits of the people and the state of society, as well as the nature of their governments, are insuperable bars, as is also the general poverty of the people as compared with England. Foreigners have no country amusements; they congregate in the capitals and the principal towns, where their only amusement is card-playing and the theatres. They have no ties or occupations in the provinces: the management of their local affairs is not in their own hands; they have no parish affairs to bring them together, no unpaid magistracy, no points of re-union, as it may be termed. The facilities of communication between their chateaux are in general bad; they have no county meetings, or county balls, or county society of any description. In short, they have not a class of *country gentlemen*, nor are they likely to have: the higher class are mostly nobles, and spend their time in attendance on the court and in the dissipations of the capital, or shut up in their country houses, practising the most rigid economy to meet the expenses of the ensuing winter.

Some of the governments may endeavor to improve their breed of horses, so as to be able to obtain a better description of animal for their armies, and doubtless will succeed to a certain extent; but the very great surface that the different countries cover, the little intercourse subsisting between the different parts, the utter ignorance of the people about everything relating to the breed of horses, the *prejudices* to overcome before you can persuade them of the advantage of improving their breed, and furthermore the absence of that most powerful of all engines in imparting knowledge, the Press—all these circumstances render it very improbable that those countries will ever be able to supply themselves with the best description of horses.

Those studs which have been established in Russia for the purpose of supplying the remounts of her cavalry are, I believe, the best managed and the most extensive on the continent: but the idea of such a nation as Russia being able to supply herself with cavalry from particular studs established for the purpose is absurd. She may do it in a time of peace, and for two or three years of a war, but let Russia be engaged but once again in a protracted contest with any power, and she will soon find how inadequate such a source will be to fill the vacancies that must occur. Nothing but the *whole* of the country breed of horses being improved can ever enable a nation to reckon on its own resources for such a supply.

Another great stumbling-block to the improvement of the breed of horses on the continent, is the general ignorance of the very great necessity of keeping the pedigrees of their horses scrupulously exact; and until they do this, it will be utterly in vain attempting to breed with any certainty. They are at present just as likely to render their stock coarse than better, and go back instead of going forward.

It will hardly be believed that in the breeding stud of the King of Wurtemburg, near Stutgart, the director of the stables was utterly unable to give me the pedigree of a single horse or mare. The name of the sire and dam he knew, but how they were bred, or whether they were thorough-bred or not, he could not tell: it generally terminated by the grandam being an Arabian, a Mecklenburg, or English mare, as if it followed of necessity that that was sufficient. Nor did he appear at all to be aware how important it was to know the exact breed of each animal for the purpose of crossing them to the best advantage.

Now the King of Wurtemburg is one of the greatest amateurs of horses on the continent, and has not only spent a great deal of money from his own private purse, but I have reason to believe, from what I saw and heard, is a very good judge of the shape and points of a horse: but how he could allow such a man to be at the head of his establishment, or so many mares to be bred with such a total disregard of the first and great requisite towards obtaining an improvement in the cross, appears to me inexplicable, except we attribute it to a similar ignorance on the part of his Majesty as to the necessity of being particularly exact on this point.

Having been thus brought to speak of the King of Wurtemburg, I will endeavor to give some description of his establishment for the breeding of horses. As I have before observed, his Majesty is a very great admirer of fine horses, and takes great interest in them: he has established a breeding farm at Viel, about five English miles from Stutgart, and one of his principal amusements is driving out to visit his favorites. He breeds all the horses that he requires for his own use, and he has a very beautiful set of ponies for his small phaetons, in which he generally drives himself: they are very handsome and fast, and about the same stamp and size as those used by the late George the Fourth.

The stables at the palace in Stutgart contain about a hundred and twenty horses, which are the horses for *the service*, and consist of carriage and saddle horses, all standing in one large and well ventilated building. The horses are in two rows of stalls, with iron racks, and the floors of board; between each row there is space for two carriages abreast, the whole kept excessively clean and in capital order. Among this lot were ten stallions. Four brown stallions for getting coach horses were of good stamp, and some of the hacks were also good, but none of them thorough-bred. There were only three English horses in the lot; these, and a few the produce of Mecklenburg mares and English thorough-bred horses, were the best; and though there was not a fine London coach horse among the lot, or a well-bred hunting sort of horse, still they were a better description of horse than I had seen out of my own country, and would come under the description of what a great many people are pleased to call a useful sort.

One or two mares, which I was told had been purchased by his Majesty himself for brood mares (but which had proved barren), possessed all the essential points of which a mare should be for breeding from.

The feeding of this lot was worth seeing. At eleven o'clock the appearance of a sort of hand-cart at the extreme end of the stable was a signal for the whole lot to commence neighing and stamping, creating such a noise that it was almost impossible to hear a person speak. This cart, containing the oats, and wheeled by one man, and accompanied by another to fill and deliver the rations, as also by the head groom, commenced its march down the centre of the stable, stopping an instant at every four or five paces while the grooms (of whom there is one to three horses) receive their supply, who instantly deliver it to their respective horses. Should any horse be amiss and on short allowance, the head groom as he passes, calls out his name from his card, where it is noted, and no corn is delivered to his groom. The whole affair is over in less than five minutes, and as the cart proceeds the tumult gradually subsides, till at length nothing is heard but a confused noise of munching and grinding of corn.

In the rear of this building, and in separate and large loose places, were some Arabian stallions, four of whom had not long arrived, having been nine months on their way, in consequence of the quantity of snow which had stopped the communications in Hungary and Wallachia during the present winter. What they had originally cost I could not learn; but as they were certainly very beautiful animals (though excessively small, in fact, quite ponies), and with all the appearance of very high caste, I have no doubt they must have cost a very large sum by the time they were safely housed in their comfortable quarters. The expressive eye, the small and perfectly-shaped head, the finely-turned quarters, the swelling muscles, the general appearance of the animal, which it is impossible to describe well, but which every person accustomed to see thorough-bred horses will at once recognise, the very smallness of the animal shewed me they were genuine Arabians and of very high breeding: and though doubtless the stock from such animals might in the course of time be brought to greater size and substance, yet still it must be a very great number of years before they could possibly attain the size and perfection of some of our present breed of race horses, even if the breeding was pursued on the very best system, with all the encouragement possible. Now why his Majesty of Wurtemburg should have taken the trouble of sending so far to procure stallions for the improvement of his country breed of horses, can only be because he supposes the Arabian to be the *purest* blood in the world, and he therefore wishes to begin upon a sure foundation. He is doubtless not aware that the English thorough-bred horse is nothing more than the Eastern horse brought by care and good management to greater size and power: that his pedigree is traced back *pure* without a single cross of native blood (with one or two doubtful exceptions) on either side to his Eastern origin: that that pedigree is kept registered with such exactitude, and is of such immense importance to every individual concerned in the breeding of horses, that it is impossible there can be any mistake, which is far from being the case with the Arabs: and who furthermore can deceive in this respect much easier in consequence of having no public documents to enable a purchaser to learn the truth: that by beginning to breed from a horse or mare of equally pure blood and symmetry, but of greater size and substance, he was much more likely to obtain at once an animal useful for all purposes than he could possibly expect from such pets as these four stallions are: that horses of the improved description were to be had as it were close at his door, without the trouble or expense which these animals had cost him. I endeavored to explain all this to the superintendant, but I believe to little purpose; for it is astonishing how ignorant they all are on the continent with respect to th *size* and *power* thorough-bred horses can be brought to.

The great desideratum in breeding is to procure as much speed, activity, and strength as is possible in the same animal. Now the English thorough bred horse far exceeds the native Arabian in these particulars, and is much more likely to propagate the same qualities; and it is to be hoped the late visit of the King of Wurtemburg to this country has convinced him how much useless trouble and expense he has been at in procuring these four beautiful pets.

In another stable, in a different part of the town, were the *government* stallions, 150 in number, and which are sent to different parts of the kingdom every spring to cover country mares *gratis*. They were all in stalls, and remarkably docile; they are broke to harness, and exercised as such daily. They were, without exception, clumsy, coarse-headed, and generally leggy animals, shewing a great deal of the Norman or Flanders origin, and, I have no doubt, without action—at least the right sort of action. Some from the Esterhazy stud were enormous animals. That their stock, produced from the country mares, can shew any very great improvement for some time, I much doubt. They had not *sufficient* breeding to stand fast work at all, but appeared to have been *forced* to their present size by greater care and attention than was formerly the custom for foreigners to bestow upon their young stock. Until the Germans and other continental nations begin to increase their *pace*, and learn to estimate the value of time, they will not sufficiently appreciate the advantages of lighter and better-bred animals. This, however, the march of intellect will accomplish at last.

I afterwards went to see the King's private stud of brood mares and blood stock at Viel, five miles from the town, and situated in a most beautiful portion of the valley of the Neckar. There is capital pasturage, and every accommodation required for such a purpose. It being the month of August, and during the heat of the day when I arrived, the mares were all in the stable, in large roomy barns, and those with foals by their side in separate boxes. They were ninety-six in number: thirty-six with foals, thirty barren or missed, and about thirty young mares, three years old, not yet put to the horse. Thirty-five of the lot were not thorough-bred. Only two of these latter were English, both fine splendid creatures, but unfortunately barren, and, as the man in charge said, so vicious, that they did not know what to do with them. I suspect, however, that what we should call only play, they denominate vice, being so little accustomed to such ways with their native horses. To console him, I told him we had generally found such queer-tempered ones turned out the best, and proved themselves such in their running, &c.

Most of the other half-bred ones were Mecklenburg or Hungarian, crossed with English blood. All these had been put to the Arab stallions. The thorough-bred, or Arabians, as they called them, were a weedy lot, and not one would have fetched £20 at Tattersall's; and the produce of the Arabian stallions and the half-bred mares, some of which I saw among the three-year-olds, were also very indifferent. I, however, strongly suspect that many of these mares, which they called Arabians and thorough-bred, were not so in fact, but had a cross of an old grey Persian horse which had covered in his Majesty's stud for many years, and whom I saw, and who, though a fine looking horse, certainly did not possess the *appearance* of pure blood which the Arabians shewed. They are, therefore, proceeding in the dark, and in a short time all their stock will have become contaminated from this source: but as I have before said, they do not keep any pedigree with exactness.

The two-year-olds and yearlings were at another country-seat of the King's, about ten miles off, and I did not see them.

His Majesty has annual sales of the three-year-olds, which are drafted; but with the exception of a few which are bought by the officers of the cavalry, very few fetch anything like what they cost him to produce. Some months afterwards, I saw at Munich one of these drafted ones, which the Duc de Leuchtenberg, son of Prince Eugene Beauharnois, had been persuaded to buy for his own riding. The Prince was mightily pleased with his purchase at first, declaring to his principal *ecuyer* of the stable, who has the breaking and care of his nags, that this colt had been intended for the King of Wurtemburg's own particula riding. "It may have been so, your Royal Highness," replied the equerry, "but you see his Majesty was too good a judge to *keep* him." It is needless to add that he was a small, leggy, useless creature, though he cost upwards of £100—a good sum in that country, and about ten times his value.

About the same time I heard this anecdote I had the pleasure of meeting with a very capital sportsman of my own country staying at Munich, and in company with him visiting the stables of the King of Bavaria. There were three hundred stallions under one roof, and about one hundred and fifty horses for the ordinary service of the Court, all standing in stalls, and well attended in every respect. These stallions are used for breeding, and sent annually to different parts of the kingdom to cover *gratis*. In the winter they return to Munich, and are kept in regular exercise in harness every day, and also used as state horses on great occasions. They were very fat, looked well in their coats, and generally fine in the leg, but with no great bone; but, on the whole, I should say a more useful sort of horse than the King of Wurtemburg's, though not any of them exceeding fifteen hands three inches in height. They, however, shewed great coarseness about the head and neck; and their action, which I had several opportunities of witnessing, was lumbering. There was not a London coach-horse among them. Among the horses of the service, with the exception of one old grey Arabian stallion of splendid shape, there was not one which would not be termed a machiner by us. I, however, afterwards saw in the stables of the Prince Royal some very nice nags both for the saddle and harness. Three of the former had lately arrived from Mr. Anderson, of Piccadilly, and had cost £500 for the three (no bad price for hacks): they were about to undergo their system of breaking before they were considered fit for his Royal Highness's riding, by which method their naturally fine action stood a fair chance of being entirely spoiled. The harness horses were Mecklenburg horses crossed with English blood, and which seems to answer very well, judging by what I have seen of those called such. The Mecklenburg are, next to the English, the highest in repute with the dealers over nearly all Southern Europe; and every horse a dealer offers you for sale is sure to be either English or Mecklenburg blood. These Mecklenburgs, however, have generally to undergo a process which few English horses require, and by which you can generally discover the truth. Foreigners attach great importance to the way the tail is carried, and are in the constant habit of nicking their horses, the marks of which you always see by lifting up the dock. Some forty years ago this was a very general practice in England; but the improvement that has taken place in our breed since then, by the introduction of more blood among our horses of all work, has rendered this operation unnecessary. If you go into a dealer's stables on the continent, you will always see the pulleys and cords along the stalls, by means of which this cruelty is inflicted. I have seen thirty horses standing in the same stable, all with their tails fastened to these cords, and kept elevated to the top of the stall. With this exception, their horses are much better treated than in England, and it is a very rare circumstance to meet with a vicious animal. During fifteen months I never saw one, neither did I ever see one attempting to run away. Habit and breeding may, however, have a great deal to do with this. We accustom our horses to go at their best pace on most occasions; the Germans very seldom exceed six miles an hour on any.

There is also another peculiarity in the habits of foreigners differing from ours. I do not recollect ever seeing a foreign gentleman riding with the reins of his bridle carelessly thrown on his horse's neck, in the easy, gentleman-like practice of some of our Hyde Park loungers on their blood hacks; neither did I ever see a foreigner's coachman driving his horses in any other manner but with a loose rein, exactly contrary to the practice of our Jehus. Our nags in harness, however, generally require to be kept from going *too fast;* theirs seldom go *fast enough*. I must, however, do the Germans the justice to say that their saddle-horses are certainly broke to perfection for the purpose which they require, and some of them would be invaluable to many of our gentleman of a certain age who are in the habit of taking a daily airing for health.

It was really quite delightful to see some of their handsome young officers of cuirassiers at Munich exercising their horses, and curvetting from side to side, every movement of the animal appearing to arise from some secret spring which their rider touched at pleasure. The seat and hand of their men were perfect, and they really seemed part and parcel of the animal they bestrode. This breaking and skill in the *manège*, however, would not suit English purposes, where the great requisite is getting fast over the ground: but still it is very beautiful to see; and I felt the same pleasure in looking at it as I have often done at Astley's and other places of equestrian show.

I will now add a few remarks on the post-horses which I have met with, and also on the posting in general. The post-horses are kept by private individuals, but are under the rules and regulations of the governments. They are horses of the country, and seldom cost more than 10*l.* or 12*l.* English money at five years old. They work very hard at times, and, when not employed in the post, the proprietor makes use of them for farm-work. Oats and chaff are given them, and generally as much hay as they will eat. They are throughout France and Belgium a cloddy, lumbering animal, but in Germany they are more leggy, and generally of a somewhat lighter mould, though without action in either country. Their pace while young seldom exceeds six miles an hour; and with the time lost in changing, which is generally very long, you cannot accomplish above sixty miles in a day's journey of twelve hours, and even then you must not reckon on much time for eating and drinking. Notwithstanding this, foreigners in general contrive to accomplish a long journey quite as quick as my countrymen do on the continent; and for this reason, that they think little of the comforts of a bed while travelling, and both men and women will go on for two days and nights shut up in their carriages, without considering it the least hardship. Tradespeople and others of small fortune will set out for a journey of two hundred miles with as little concern or hesitation as many of ours do for a fly to Brighton or Cheltenham. The cheapness of posting on the continent is another reason. You may post over all Germany for at least half of the expense in England, and by travelling at night effect the same distance. If foreign postmasters and postillions could be convinced of the value of time, or if the governments under whose direction their people are would endeavor to do away with the vexatious delay arising from the slowness of changing at the different stations, the posting on the continent would not be so very bad.

Three horses will draw a close carriage well loaded, with two people and two servants, which no postmaster in England would send on with less than four horses, and those three horses and postillion will not cost more than fifteen pence per mile. Now four posters in England, and two boys and gates, will come to a good deal more than double that, though you certainly may, if you chose, go twice as fast; and though this is very pleasant and necessary at times, yet it is not invariably required. When, however, foreigners have imbibed our taste for fast travelling, the sort of horse they use must undergo a change; the same animal who performs the present posts of twelve English miles in two hours will entirely fail if called on to perform it in half the time. Blood, and a very great proportion of it, must be infused through their whole race of horses before they can possibly improve their pace to any great degree. The roads (at least the great routes), with the exception of parts of Belgium and towards the Rhine by Aix-la-Chapelle, which is infamous, are quite as good as our own; and if their horses were better bred, there is no reason why travelling should not be quite as quick. They will then find out what many of our old fox-hunters are beginning to acknowledge, that a lighter sort of blood-horse will do more work than the old-fashioned English hunter of fifty years ago.

I expect, however, if I live another thirty years, to see nothing but thorough-bred horses ever brought into a hunting field, and also to see hard-riding men of sixteen and seventeen stone mounted on them, and acknowledging that they can get no other sort to carry them so well. I have heard one or two say so already, and believe we shall be able by that time to produce a sufficient number of such animals to meet the demand. One of these gentlemen was a master of hounds, and upwards of six feet four inches, and rode at least eighteen stone, and he has told me himself the two best horses he ever rode were *thorough bred* horses, one by Whalebone and the other by Tramp. He was also what is rather an uncommon thing for a master of hounds to be, viz., a hard rider, and would jump gates and timber of all descriptions with them.

The other, Mr. C——, is still going, and hunting a very celebrated pack of fox-hounds, and, though at least sixteen stone on his horse, never rides anything but thorough-bred, and, though not fond of jumping, is a very hard rider as far as galloping goes, and his horses do more work and in deep ground at that pace than any of his field, and they will beat most at the end of a long day. This, however, is a digression from the foreign posting, and is a subject which I must leave for another opportunity, when I purpose sending you an article advocating the use of thorough-bred horses as hunters *in all cases and countries.*

The German post-horses labor under very great disadvantages from the ignorance of their masters in regard to the best method of putting-to their horses to carriages. Throughout Western and Southern Germany, one postillion, mounted on the near wheel-horse, drives three or four horses, as the case may be—the three and four horses being abreast as leaders, or if only three, he acts as a single leader.

Between the wheelers and leaders, however, there is a space quite sufficient for another pair of horses, so long are the traces, and very often they are dragging along the ground in descending hills, &c.; but they seem to be quite ignorant of the advantages of having their cattle close to their work; and even the wheelers are invariably as far from the body of the carriage as they can possibly get them, or that the pole will allow. The traces of the wheelers also do not fix direct to the splinter bar, but to small jiggers, like in some of our tilburies, thus presenting another source of *elasticity* in addition to that of the long traces. In some parts, especially in Bavaria, the postillions and peasants very often drive a single leader, or horse, in a light cart, with one rein, guiding him by means of jerks, one jerk signifying to the right, and two to the left; and so accustomed are their horses to this method, as well as to attend to the sound of the voice, that it is very rare to hear of any accident. Sometimes, however, the leader does take a fancy to turn into some other road, or pull up at some usual halting place on the side of the road, and in such cases the pole is liable to be snapped, or the carriage pulled into the ditch, which was my case, though fortunately without any accident to signify, but which was sufficient experience for me of this method of driving as in future always to insist upon being provided with a pair of reins for the leader, and which, I believe, the postmasters are bound by regulation to do.

Though the carriages on most parts of the continent which are in general use, except the diligences, are usually much lighter than English carriages, yet I do not think that on good roads, such as in Italy and along the Rhine, or on any of the great lines of communications a German caleche follows so well (as we term running easy after the horses) as a well-built English close carriage with patent axles; and a German, French, or Russian close carriage, with luggage, and adapted for a gentleman's family, is infinitely heavier, and worse to draw, than an English one of the same description. That all foreign carriages are also more expensive *in the end* than English ones I am quite convinced; and though, doubtless, the carriages of Brussels, Frankfort, and Vienna, are better than the generality of other places, yet even in those places they cannot combine that strength, lightness, and easy motion of the London-built vehicle, nor can they prepare the *materiel* in such a manner. The iron-work is what they fail in; and I have understood the reason of that is, that the want of good coal in most parts of the continent prevents their procuring a sufficient heat to temper the iron as it ought to be.

I therefore would most earnestly recommend all travellers not to be mis-led by the statements so often repeated of the cheapness and goodness of foreign carriages. They never last; and however improved they may be within these twelve or fourteen years, be assured that a well-built London carriage at 200*l.* to 280*l.*—and you can buy them from the first makers at that price new for *ready money*—is cheaper than any Vienna or Frankfort carriage at 100*l.* to 120*l.*, which is what they ask for a new one: the one will last you half your life, the other will cost you the price again before three years are over, and never be in order besides: this I have had experience of myself. I can also add, that the same will be found to be the case with the ornamental part. I had a carriage new painted at Munich by a very good coach-maker, and which certainly did not cost one third of what it would have done in London; but in a few months it was as bad as ever; whereas the first painting in London had lasted for upwards of six years, and might have lasted another six years I have no doubt.

I will conclude this subject by adding, that I would from experience recommend the patent axletrees to all travellers. The old objection as to the difficulty of getting any repairs is in a great measure now removed, as the coach-makers in most of the principal towns understand the *principle*, though they cannot put it in practice from a deficiency in their materials, and can generally remedy any trifling defect. The convenience of this description of wheels is beyond anything in a long journey, from their not requiring to be removed every day, which the other wheels must be. All the foreign couriers also now understand taking off and on the patent, and therefore in very hot weather (the only time the oil is liable to escape from the box) they can replace the oil quite as quick and as simply as they do grease on the common wheels. London (Old) Sporting Mag. for Dec.

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## A SPECIMEN OF TROLLOPISM.

On the evening of the eventful day a brilliant party was assembled beneath the hospitable roof of Mrs. Blueberry. It consisted of twenty-seven muses of Little Orange-street, and the celebrated Miss Lydia Laurel, a travelling Londoner. She was a coarse, middle-aged dame, with fired curls and a provoking stare—fat and forty—looking like a John Bull in petticoats. She had been recounting some traveller's tales of her adventures in the West, which were listened to with rapturous silence by her admirers.

"I'll give you a hillustration of manners in the West," said the elegant female. "I vas a dinin' haboard of the vatch-you-call-um steam-boat Snag on the Hoheigho river. The gentleman on my left was a Southerner. Vell, gals, they gets into a kind of a discussion on the habbolition question, when some high words ariz. 'Please to retract,' said the Southerner. 'I von't do it,' said the Northerner. 'Pray, ma'am,' said the Southerner to me, 'von't you 'ave the goodness to lean back in your chair?' 'Vith the greatest pleasure,' says I, not knowin' vot vas a-comin'. Ven vot does my gentleman do, but vips out a hoss pistule as long as my harm, and shoots my right 'and neighbor dead. But that vasn't hall! for the bullet comin' out of the temple, vounded a lady in the side. She huttered an orrifick scream. ''Pon my vord, ma'am,' said the Southerner, 'you needn't make so much noise about it, for I did it by mistake.'"

"And was not justice done the murderer?" asked Mrs. Blueberry.

"Hinstantly, dear madam. Hall the cabin passengers vent right to vork and lynched 'im. They 'ung 'im in the lamp-chains, right hover the dining table, and then finished the desert. But, for my part, it quite spoiled my happetite."

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## PRIDE OF BIRTH.

The late Mr. Huddlestone was an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstone, and consequently entitled to take precedence of all, including the proudest nobles, who did not partake of the Blood Royal of the Heptarchy. Some of this excellent person's evidences bore a strong resemblance to those of the Scotchman who, in proof of his own descent from the admirable Crichton, was wont to produce an ancient shirt, marked "A. C." in the tail, preserved, he said, as an heir-loom by the family.—But Mr. Huddlestone was allowed to be an undeniable corruption of Athelstone by many of the most distinguished amateur readers of Gwyllim; amongst others, by the late Duke of Norfolk, who was sufficiently tenacious on such points. The two originals often met over a bottle, to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees, and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the Duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the duke's desire, to re-establish him; but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet.

"Never," he hiccupped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddlestone was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard."

"Well, then, my good old friend," said the good natured duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddlestone, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world."

So saying the duke also took his place upon the floor.

The concluding part of this anecdote has been plagiarised, and applied to other people, but the authenticity of our version may be relied upon.

London Quarterly Review.

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An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason—"Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"

## THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

IN WHICH THE PICKWICK CLUB IS FINALLY DISSOLVED, AND EVERYTHING CONCLUDED TO THE SATISFACTION OF EVERYBODY.

For a whole week after the happy arrival of Mr. Winkle from Birmingham, Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller were from home all day long, only returning just in time for dinner, and then wearing an air of mystery and importance quite foreign to their natures. It was evident that very grave and eventful proceedings were on foot, but various surmises were afloat respecting their precise character. Some (among whom was Mr. Tupman) were disposed to think that Mr. Pickwick contemplated a matrimonial alliance, but this idea the ladies most strenuously repudiated; others rather inclined to the belief that he had projected some distant tour, and was at present occupied in effecting the preliminary arrangements, but this again was stoutly denied by Sam himself, who had unequivocally stated, when cross-examined by Mary, that no new journeys were to be undertaken. At length, when the brains of the whole party had been racked for six long days by unavailing speculation, it was unanimously resolved that Mr. Pickwick should be called upon to explain his conduct, and to state distinctly why he had thus absented himself from the society of his admiring friends.

With this view, Mr. Wardle invited the full circle to dinner at the Adelphi, and the decanters having been twice sent round, opened the business.

"We are all anxious to know," said the old gentleman, "what we have done to offend you, and to induce you to desert us and devote yourself to these solitary walks."

"Are you?" said Mr. Pickwick. "It is singular enough that I had intended to volunteer a full explanation this very day, so if you will give me another glass of wine I will satisfy your curiosity."

The decanters passed from hand to hand with unwonted briskness, and Mr. Pickwick looking round on the faces of his friends with a cheerful smile, proceeded—

"All the changes that have taken place among us," said Mr. Pickwick, "I mean the marriage that *has* taken place, and the marriage that *will* take place, with the changes they involve, rendered it necessary for me to think soberly and at once upon my future plans. I determined on retiring to some quiet, pretty neighbourhood in the vicinity of London; I saw a house which exactly suited my fancy. I have taken it and furnished it. It is fully prepared for my reception, and I intend entering upon it at once, trusting that I may yet live to spend many quiet years in peaceful retirement; cheered through life by the society of my friends, and followed in death by their affectionate remembrance."

Here Mr. Pickwick paused, and a low murmur ran round the table.

"The house I have taken," said Mr. Pickwick, "is at Dulwich; it has a large garden, and is situated in one of the most pleasant spots near London. It has been fitted up with every attention to substantial comfort; perhaps to a little elegance besides; but of that you shall judge for yourselves. Sam accompanies me there. I have engaged, on Perker's representation, a housekeeper—a very old one—and such other servants as she thinks I shall require. I propose to consecrate this little retreat by having a ceremony, in which I take a great interest, performed there. I wish, if my friend Wardle entertains no objection, that his daughter should be married from my new house, on the day I take possession of it. The happiness of young people," said Mr. Pickwick, a little moved, "has ever been the chief pleasure of my life. It will warm my heart to witness the happiness of those friends who are dearest to me, beneath my own roof."

"I have communicated, both personally and by letter, with the club," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "acquainting them with my intention. During our long absence it has suffered much from internal dissensions; and the withdrawal of my name, coupled with this and other circumstances, has occasioned its dissolution. The Pickwick Club exists no longer."

"I shall never regret," said Mr. Pickwick in a low voice—"I shall never regret having devoted the greater part of two years to mixing with different varieties and shades of human character, frivolous as my pursuit of novelty may have appeared to many. Nearly the whole of my previous life having been devoted to business and the pursuit of wealth, numerous scenes of which I had no previous conception have dawned upon me—I hope to the enlargement of my mind, and the improvement of my understanding. If I have done but little good, I trust I have done less harm, and that none of my adventures will be other than a source of amusing and pleasant recollections to me in the decline of life. God bless you all."

With these words, Mr. Pickwick filled and drained a bumper with a trembling hand; and his eyes moistened as his friends rose with one accord and pledged him from their hearts."

There were very few preparatory arrangements to be made for the marriage of Mr. Snodgrass. As he had neither father nor mother, and had been in his minority a ward of Mr. Pickwick's, that gentleman was perfectly well acquainted with his possessions and prospects. His account of both was quite satisfactory to Wardle—as almost any other account would have been, for the good old gentleman was overflowing with hilarity and kindness—and a handsome portion having been bestowed upon Emily, the marriage was fixed to take place on the fourth day from that time; the suddenness of which preparations reduced three dressmakers and a tailor to the extreme verge of insanity.

Getting post horses to the carriage, old Wardle started off next day, to bring his mother up to town. Communicating his intelligence to the old lady with characteristic impetuosity, she instantly fainted away, but being promptly revived, ordered the brocaded silk gown to be packed up forthwith, and proceeded to relate some circumstances of a similar nature attending the marriage of the eldest daughter of lady Tollinglower, deceased, which occupied three hours in the recital, and were not half finished at last.

Mrs. Trundle had to be informed of all the mighty preparations that were making in London; and being in a delicate state of health was informed thereof through Mr. Trundle, lest the news should be too much for her; but it was not too much for her, inasmuch as she at once wrote off to Muggleton to order a new cap and a black satin gown, and moreover avowed her determination of being present at the ceremony. Hereupon Mr. Trundle called in the doctor, and the doctor said Mrs. Trundle ought to know best how she felt herself, to which Mrs. Trundle replied that she felt herself quite equal to it, and that she had made up her mind to go; upon which the doctor, who was a wise and discreet doctor, and knew what was good for himself as well as for other people, said, that perhaps if Mrs. Trundle stopped at home she might hurt herself more by fretting than by going, so perhaps she had better go. And she did go; the doctor with great attention sending in half a dozen of medicine to be drunk upon the road.

In addition to these points of distraction, Wardle was entrusted with two small letters to two small young ladies who were to act as bridesmaids; upon the receipt of which, the two young ladies were driven to despair, by having no "things" ready for so important an occasion, and no time to make them in—a circumstance which appeared to afford the two worthy papas of the two small young ladies rather a feeling of satisfaction than otherwise. However, old frocks were trimmed and new bonnets made, and the young ladies looked as well as could possibly have been expected of them; and as they cried at the subsequent ceremony in the proper places and trembled at the right times, they acquitted themselves to the admiration of all beholders.

How the two poor relations ever reached London—whether they walked, or got behind coaches, or procured lifts in wagons, or carried each other—is uncertain, but there they were, before Wardle; and the very first people that knocked at the door of Mr. Pickwick's house on the bridal morning, were the two poor relations, all smiles and shirt-collar.

They were welcomed heartily though, for riches or poverty had no influence on Mr. Pickwick; the new servants were all alacrity and readiness. Sam in a most unrivalled state of high spirits and excitement, and Mary glowing with beauty and smart ribands.

The bridegroom, who had been staying at the house for two or three days previously, sallied forth gallantly to Dulwich church to meet the bride, attended by Mr. Pickwick, Ben Allen, Bob Sawyer, and Mr. Tupman, with Sam Weller outside, having at his button hole a white favour, the gift of his lady love, and clad in a new and gorgeous suit of livery invented expressly for the occasion. They were met by the Wardles, and the Winkles, and the bride and bridesmaids, and the Trundles; and the ceremony having been performed, the coaches rattled back to Mr. Pickwick's to breakfast, where little Mr. Perker already awaited them.

Here, all the light clouds of the more solemn part of the proceedings passed away; every face shone forth joyously, and nothing was to be heard but congratulations and commendations. Everything was so beautiful! The lawn in front, the garden behind, the miniature conservatory, the dining-room, the drawing-room, the bed-rooms, the smoking-room, and above all the study with its pictures and easy chairs, and old cabinets, and queer tables, and books out of number, with a large cheerful window opening upon a pleasant lawn and commanding a pretty landscape, just dotted here and there with little houses almost hidden by the trees; and then the curtains, and the carpets, and the chairs, and the sofas! Everything was so beautiful, so compact, so neat and in such exquisite taste, said every body, that there really was no deciding what to admire most.

And in the midst of all this, stood Mr. Pickwick, his countenance lighted up with smiles, which the heart of no man, woman, or child, could resist: himself the happiest of the group, shaking hands over and over again with the same people, and when his own were not so employed, rubbing them with pleasure; turning round in a different direction at every fresh expression of gratification or curiosity, and inspiring every body with his looks of gladness and delight.

Breakfast is announced. Mr. Pickwick leads the old lady (who has been very eloquent on the subject of Lady Tollinglower), to the top of a long table; Wardle takes the bottom, the friends arrange themselves on either side, Sam takes his station behind his master's chair, the laughing and talking cease; Mr. Pickwick having said grace, pauses for an instant and looks round him. As he does so, the tears roll down his cheeks in the fullness of his joy.

Let us leave our old friend in one of those moments of unmixed happiness, of which, if we seek them, there are ever some to cheer our transitory existence here. There are dark shadows on the earth, but its lights are stronger in the contrast. Some men, like bats or owls, have better eyes for the darkness than for the light; we, who have no such optical powers, are better pleased to take our last parting look at the visionary companions of many solitary hours, when the brief sunshine of the world is blazing full upon them.

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It is the fate of most men who mingle with the world and attain even the prime of life, to make many real friends, and lose them in the course of nature. It is the fate of all authors or chroniclers to create imaginary friends, and lose them in the course of art. Nor is this the full extent of their misfortunes; for they are required to furnish an account of them besides.

In compliance with this custom—unquestionably a bad one—we subjoin a few biographical words in relation to the party at Mr. Pickwick's assembled.

Mr. and Mrs. Winkle being fully received into favour by the old gentleman, were shortly afterwards installed in a newly built house, not half a mile from Mr. Pickwick's. Mr. Winkle being engaged in the city as agent or town correspondent of his father, exchanged his old costume for the ordinary dress of Englishmen, and presented all the external appearance of a civilised christian ever afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass settled at Dingley Dell, where they purchased and cultivated a small farm, more for occupation than profit. Mr. Snodgrass, being occasionally abstracted and melancholy, is to this day reputed a great poet among his friends and acquaintance, although we do not find that he has ever written anything to encourage the belief. We know many celebrated characters, literary, philosophical, and otherwise, who hold a high reputation on a similar tenure.

Mr. Tupman, when his friends married and Mr. Pickwick settled, took lodgings at Richmond, where he has ever since resided. He walks constantly on the Terrace during the summer months, with a youthful and janty air, which has rendered him the admiration of the numerous elderly ladies of single condition, who reside in the vicinity. He has never proposed again.

Mr. Bob Sawyer, having previously passed through the Gazette, passed over to Bengal, accompanied by Mr. Benjamin Allen, both gentlemen having received surgical appointments from the East India Company. They each had the yellow fever fourteen times, and then resolved to try a little abstinence, since which period they have been doing well.

Mrs. Bardell let lodgings to many conversable single gentlemen with great profit, but never brought any more actions for a breach of promise of marriage. Her attorneys, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, continue in business, from which they realise a large income, and in which they are universally considered among the sharpest of the sharp.

Sam Weller kept his word, and remained unmarried for two years. The old housekeeper dying at the end of that time, Mr. Pickwick promoted Mary to the situation, on condition of her marrying Mr. Weller at once which she did without a murmur. From the circumstance of two sturdy little boys having been repeatedly seen at the gate of the back garden, we have reason to suppose that Sam has some family.

The elder Mr. Weller drove a coach for twelve months, but being afflicted with the gout, was compelled to retire. The contents of the pocket-book had been so well invested for him, however, by Mr Pickwick, that he had a handsome independence to retire on, upon which he still lives at an excellent public-house near Shooter's Hill, where he is quite reverenced as an oracle, boasting very much of his intimacy with Mr. Pickwick, and retaining a most unconquerable aversion to widows.

Mr. Pickwick himself continued to reside in his new house, employing his leisure hours in arranging the memoranda which he afterwards presented to the secretary of the once famous club, or in hearing Sam Weller read aloud, with such remarks as suggested themselves to his mind, which never failed to afford Mr. Pickwick great amusement. He was much troubled at first by the numerous applications which were made to him by Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Trumble, to act as godfather to their offspring, but he has become used to it now, and officiates as a matter of course. He never had occasion to regret his bounty to Mr. Jingle, for both that person and Job Trotter became in time worthy members of society, although they have always steadily objected to return to the scenes of their old haunts and temptations. He is somewhat infirm now, but he retains all his former juvenility of spirit, and may still be frequently seen contemplating the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery, or enjoying a walk about the pleasant neighbourhood on a fine day. He is known by all the poor people about, who never fail to take their hats off as he passes with great respect; the children idolise him, and so indeed does the whole neighbourhood. Every year he repairs to a large family merry-making at Mr. Wardle's; on this, as on all other occasions, he is invariably attended by the faithful Sam, between whom and his master there exists a steady and reciprocal attachment, which nothing but death will sever.

## Salmagundi.

*A Speculation.*—In these days, when all the customary forms of speculation seem at an end, the enterprising ought to thank the suggester of the following very promising one:—

"Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy up a fop at the price he is worth,
And sell him for that which he sets on himself."

POLISH BALLS.

By poles long sustain'd, 'tis but justice, by goles!
That the *hops* take their turn, by supporting the *Poles*.

*Matrimony.*—"You ought to marry." "Never." "I know a good girl for you." "Let me alone." "But perhaps, you—pshaw!—you don't know her. She is young." "Then she is sly." "Beautiful." "The more dangerous." "Of good family." "Then she is proud." "Tender-hearted." "Then she is jealous." "She has talents." "To kill me." "And one hundred thousand dollars." "I will take her."

*Tulips and Roses.*—The following is a very pretty and very pleasant epigram:—

My Rosa, from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet boquet of posies,
And asked, as round my neck she clung,
If tulips I preferred to roses?
"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I sighed,
"But kiss me ere I see the posies."
She did. "Oh, I prefer," I cried,
"Thy two lips to a dozen roses."

"How the deuce do the donkeys live here," said a man to a friend in South America, "I see no grass." "Why," said his friend, "we put green spectacles on them, and feed them with fine shavings."

*March of Intellect.*—A person who had recently arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, spoke of the well known fondness of the lion to the flesh of a Hottentot. "The noble beast, said he, "would do anything to titillate his palate with a Hottentot."

"A hot what?" inquired a lady.

"A Hottentot, madam," replied the traveller.

"God bless me," rejoined the lady, "do they *cook* their victuals abroad?"

Two miserable devils have been stealing a washerwoman's earnings in New Haven. They should be drowned in lye, without benefit of clergy.

It is said that beds and mattrasses and single ladies are very much wanted in Texas.—Quere, are the ladies all *double* there?

"Hallo, Jake! Wish ye happy New Year." "Thankee, sir, wish you April Fool."

*A Man may be his own Grandfather.*—Demonstration: If A B marry C D with a daughter of E F, and G H, the father of A B, marry E F, it is clear that A B, being the father-in-law of E F, becomes, by such marriage, the father-in-law of his own father. Ergo—A B being father to his own father, is his own grandfather.

As an off-set to the petitions pouring into Congress from Northern females, against the admission of Texas, we understand that the colored ladies of the South are about to remonstrate against the Canada rebellion, entreating Congress "by no manner ob means to 'low de free States to gain a ponderatin affluence in dis Commonwelf ob America by de admission ob dem French resorrectionists."

A down east paper says the fog is so thick in the Bay of Fundy, that the people make mill-stones of it. N.B. *We have seen some of the stones.*

Another paper says—"We have eaten many a dish of hasty pudding made from the meal ground by these stones, and right glad were we to get it—and if the hard times hold on much longer, we shall no doubt be thankful for a meal of the fog from which the stones are manufactured.

The Legislature of Virginia think of levying a tax upon old bachelors, for the benefit of such children as have no parents!

*The Young Wife* is the title of an attractive little volume just manufactured by Dr. Alcott, of Boston. Will our neighbor of the Transcript see that the doctor sends us a copy? Northampton Courier.

Certainly. We will tell the doctor you want a *Young Wife*, and must have one. If he will not send you one, you shall have ours. Boston Transcript.

*Fine time for the Girls.*—The following is an extract from an act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of Queen Margaret, about the year 1288:—

"It is statute and ordaint that during the reine of her maist blissit Magestie, ilk maiden ladye of baithe highe and lowe estait shall hae libertye to bespeak ye man she likes; albeit, gif he refuses to take hir to be his wif, he shall be mulcit in ye sume of ane hondreth pundis or less, as his estait moi be, eccept and alwais gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit to ane ither woman, then that he shall be free."

*African Delicacies.*—When Clapperton, the African traveller, breakfasted with the Sultan of Baussa, which is a collection of straggling villages on the banks of the Quatra, among the delicacies presented were a large grilled water-rat and alligator's eggs fried or stewed. The company were much amused at the singularity of taste which prompted the stranger to choose fish and rice in preference to these savory viands.

The New Orleans Picayune has a conundrum which will do for other meridians than that of Louisiana—read it:—

Why is Mr. —— ——, of the Legislature, like a cipher, and yet unlike a cipher?

Because his head, like a cipher, *imports nothing*; and yet, while a cipher, it *counts one with the eyes and mouth.*

A country lad writes to his friend in the interior, that everything is cheap in Boston—that bank-bills are only ninety-four cents, and that clothes are but four dollars a-piece.

A novice, who was sent to a printing office in this city to borrow some twine, went away in a towering passion because the foreman, who was very busy at the time, told him to *go to the devil and get it.*

*Advantages of Low Prices.*—A gentleman in one of the steamboats asked the steward, when he came round to collect the passage-money (one shilling each for the best cabin) if there was no danger of being blown up. The steward promptly replied, "No, sir, not in the least; we cannot afford to blow people up at a shilling a-head."

*New kind of Spectacles.*—An impostor, apparently lame in both legs, his arms in a sling, and a patch over one eye, presented himself for charity to a crusty old fellow, who could see as far through a mill-stone as most people.

"A little charity for the sake of humanity! I have been almost cut to pieces fighting the battle of my country, and am now, as you can perceive, quite a *spectacle.*"

"Yes," was the answer, "I see through you quite distinctly."

There was a church in Italy dedicated to St. Proculus. The bell fell upon a young man who had been christened by the name of the Saint, and killed him, and he was buried in the churchyard with this epitaph—

Si procul a Proculo Proculi campana fuisset
Ipse foret Proculus nunc procul a Proculo.

Which was thus imitated in an epitaph on one John Bell, who died from a hurt received in ringing the bells:

If John Bell had kept himself far from John's bell,
Then John's bell for John Bell had not rung a knell.

A GOOD NAME.—A countryman carrying his son to be baptized, the parson asked what was to be his name?

"Peter—my own name, and please your reverence."

"Peter! that is a bad name—Peter denied his master."

"What, then, would your reverence advise?"

"Why not take my name—Joseph?"

"Joseh, ah! he denied his mistress."

In Dundee, Scotland, after enumerating the virtues of the Provost—

Here lies the body of Thomas Watson,
(Read not with your hats on)
Provost of Dundee,
Hallelujah—Hallelujee!

### THE DEAD DONKEY.

"They mourn me dead in my father's halls."

He was stretched at full length beside the ditch where he died.

A half-finished house in the back grounds seemed to rejoice in the fate of the poor animal; maliciously displaying a board whereon was lightly written "This Carcase to be Sold." The sturdy thistle reared its head in his vicinity, fearless of the donkey's pluck.

The crows, like a lot of lawyers at the funeral of a rich man, were hovering near. They threatened to engross the whole skin, and make away with the personal property by conveyance.

The deceased, they knew, could not resist their *charge*, nor did they apprehend their *bills* would be taxed by their master.

Alack! Alack! that he who had carried many a bushel should thus fall beneath their *peck.* The well worn saddle (like many a *better*) had gone to *back* some other favorite of the *race.*

The reins, too, were gone—yes! his disconsolate master, like a drunken man, *had slipped off the curb!*

Woe! woe!—but what avails it crying woe to a dead donkey! Were I thy master, I would have thy portrait taken. How many an *A double S* is drawn by an R. A.! There is a placid docility about thy head that might supply Gall or Spurzheim with a lecture; but no *cast* remains to immortalize thee—albeit thy master in thy life made many an *impression with whacks.*

Like a card-player, thou hast cut the *pack*, and left it in the hands of the *dealer.*

Unlike thy ragged brethren that run loose upon the common, exposing their *ribs* (as vulgar husbands do their wives in general company,) there is a plumpness and rotundity in thy appearance that plainly proves thee no *common* donkey!—the smoothness of thy coat, too, shows thy owner's care.

He doubtless liked thee (as Indians do their food) *well curried!*

"Farewell, Edward," I exclaimed, too serious on the occasion to use the familiar epithet of *Neddy!*

I heard footsteps! I saw a man approach the spot I had just quitted. He was a tall, raw-boned looking gipsey. Concealed from observation by the intervening hedge, I watched his motions.

I saw him stride across the poor animal; drawing a clasp knife from his breast, he looked wistfully around him. I had often read of famished Russians devouring their horses. What did he meditate?

Keen hunger was depicted in his sharp countenance!

The vagrant wielded his knife. I stood breathless—the next moment I saw him cut a large *stake.*

"From the donkey?"

No; from the adjoining hedge!

### ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

She was a fine strapping young woman enough, dressed half-and-half between a fine lady and a servant-maid; but as sly-looking a baggage as you could select from an assortment of gipsies; and, unless her face belied her, quite capable of scratching a Cock-lane ghost. Indeed, something came across me that I had seen her before; and if my memory don't deceive, it was at some private theatricals contrary to law. For certain she could keep her countenance; for if the outlandish figure of a doctor, with his queer faces, had postured, and pawed, and poked towards me, with his fingers, for all the world like the old game of "My grandmother sends you a staff, and you're neither to smile nor to laugh," as he did to her, I should have bursted, to a dead certainty, instead of going off, as she did, into an easy sleep. As soon as she was sound, the count turned round to me with his broken English—

"Ladies and gentlemens," says he, "look here at dis young maidens, Mizz Charlot Ann Elizabet Martin,"—for that is his way of talking—"wid my magnetismuses I tro her into von state of sombamboozleism,"—or something to that effect. "Mizz Charlot Ann, dou art a slip."

"As fast as a church, Mister Count," says she, talking and hearing as easy as broad awake.

"Ferry goot," says he. "Now, I take dis boke—Missis Glasse Cokery,—and I shall make de maidens read som little of him wid her back. Dere he is bytween her shoulders. Mizz Charlot Ann what you see now mit your eyes turned de wrong way for to look?"

"Why, then," says she, "Mr. Count, I see quite plain a T and an O. Then comes R, and O, and S, and T; and the next word is H, and A, and I, and R."

"Ferry goot," cries the Count over again. "Dat is to rost de hare. Ladies and gentlemens, you all here? As Gott is my shudge, so is here in de boke. Now, den, Mizz Charlot Ann, vons more. Vot you test in your mouse?"

"Why, then, Master," says Charlotte Ann, "as sure as fate, I taste sweet herbs chopped up small!"

"Very goot, indeed!—but what mer by sides de sweet herrubs?"

"Why," says she, "it's a relish of salt, and pepper, and mace,—and let me see—there's a flavor of current jelly."

"Besser and besser!" cries the Count. "Ladies and gentlemens, are not dese vonderfools? You shall see every wart of it in de print. Mizz Charlot Ann, vot you feel now?"

"Lawk a mercy, Mister Count," says she, "there's a sort of stuffy feel, so there is, in my inside!"

"Yaw! like von fool belly! Ferry goot! Now, you feel vot?"

"Feel! Mister Count?" says she, "why, I don't feel nothing at all—the stuffiness is clean gone away!"

"Yaw, my child!" says he, "dat is by cause I take avay de cokery boke from your two shoulders. Ladies and gentlemens, dese is grand powers of magnetismus! Ach himmel! As Hamlet say, dere is mure in our philosofies dan dere is in de heaven or de earth! Our mutter Nature is so fond to hider face! But von adept, so as me, can lift up a whale!" Hood.

# THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1838.

## ENGLISH HORSES ONE HUNERED YEARS AGO.

OAK LAWN, Dec. 15, 1837.

*Sir*,—I was lately looking over an early volume of the *English Annual Register*, and met with an article, which I think may not be devoid of interest to many of your readers. On perusing it you will perceive, that it gives us contemporary evidence of the speed of the Horse in England in 1737—one hundred years ago. I have not seen elsewhere anything on this subject, which carries us so far back. If the statements be true, and I know of no reason to doubt them, we have gained nothing since on the score of speed, and I fear we have lost much on that of stoutness. Your ob't serv't, ******.

[From the Annual Register of 1763.]

*The Velocity of Horses in the Race Philosophically Considered: by Monsieur Cendamine. From his Tour in Italy, in the years* 1755 *and* 1756.

The spectacle which at present forms the amusement of the people of Rome, retains nothing of the barbarity of the ancient combats of gladiatory. Some of the Princes and Roman Noblemen amuse themselves by keeping horses purely for the Course; not as in England, backed by a rider; but alone, at full liberty, and entirely delivered up to their natural ardor, and that kind of emulation which the concourse of people assembled seem to inspire. Eight or ten horses, commonly barbs, of a small size, and mean figure, retained on the same line by a rope extended, about the height of their breast, set off at the instant when they let this rope fall. In the races at Carnival time, which are the most solemn, the course is usually in the long street at Rome, to which this exercise has given the name of *El Corso*, or Race-street. They take care, at such times, to gravel it over. The length is 865 toises. I observed twice, by means of a watch for seconds, and the help of a signal, that this distance was run over in 141 seconds, which makes near 37 feet a second. A little reflection will make this speed appear much more considerable than at first we may imagine it to be.

It is evident that we cannot suppose more than two leaps or progressions on gallop, to one second, seeing that each of these leaps requires at least three very distinct points of time, viz.: that in which the horse lifts himself from the ground, that in which we see him cleaving the air, and that in which he descends again; and that these two bounds, thus supposed to be made in every second, require six definitive movements, a period scarce perceptible in so short a space of time. These horses, which are but of an inconsiderable size, and where swiftness, every second, is equal to 37 feet, pass then, at each bound, over a space of more than 18 feet, which is very near equal to four times the length of their body, taken from the breast to the tail. It is true, indeed, that this length is more than doubled by the extension which their outstretched gallop gives their limbs before and behind. All this considered, how can the fleetness of the English horses be by a great deal greater, as it is known to be in reality? But there are certain cases wherein the truth surpasses all the bounds of probability, and of this kind is that at present under consideration.

The late Monsieur Dufay writ in 1737, from Newmarket, that the course there, of four English miles, had been completed in less than 8 minutes, by 4 or 5 seconds. These miles are 826 of our toises, which makes more than 41 2-3 feet in a second, or near 5 feet more than the barbs at Rome; and we must also remark here, that the latter run at full liberty, whereas the English horses are burthened with the weight of a rider. This fleetness, however, of 41 2-3 feet, is still but an ordinary degree of swiftness there, inasmuch as of ten horses which ran together, the very hindmost of them was no more than 12 or 15 paces from the end of the course. Besides, it is asserted that the same course has been frequently run over in 6 minutes and 6 seconds. I have this as a fact from a gentleman who has been concerned in the races at Newmarket.* And this swiftness, which would amount to more than 54 feet in a second, is to that of the barbs nearly as 3 to 2. We must also observe, that instead of one English mile, or a little more, to which the course at Rome is limited, that of Newmarket is 4 miles—a space too long for the swiftness of any horse to preserve itself through, on a sensible equality. It is evident that this swiftness cannot extend through the whole course, and consequently at the moment of the race, when it is at its maximum, the impulsion must be upwards of 54 feet in a second. We are likewise assured that a famous horse called *Starling* has sometimes performed the first mile in a minute, which would make 82½ feet in a second—a degree of swiftness, which, if there be no exaggeration in the statement, is almost inconceivable. *But this is a point on which I expect some further elucidations.*

[The following are the elucidations I have received, since the reading of this memoir, from Dr. Maty, Keeper of the Library in the British Museum:—]

There are (says Dr. Maty) two courses at Newmarket—the long, and the round. The first is exactly 4 miles and 380 yards; the second is 4 miles, *less* 400 yards. *Childers*, the swiftest horse ever remembered, has run the first course in 7 minutes and 30 seconds; and the second in 6 minutes and 40 seconds, which amounts to 46 feet 9 inches French, in the second. Whereas, all other horses, except the foregoing, take at least 7 minutes and 50 seconds in completing the first and longest course, and 7 minutes only in the shortest—which is 44 feet 5 or 6 inches the second. These are facts (adds Dr. Maty) which I believe to be true. I must also add, that it is commonly supposed these coursers cover, at every bound, a space of ground 24 English feet in length.

This is a little inside of my conjecture of two bounds in the second. Every bound in this case would be about 18 royal feet and a half for the fleetest Barb in Rome, and 22 or 23 feet and a half for English running horses. So that the swiftness of the latter to that of the Barbs, is very nearly as 4 to 3.

* Mr. FAAFB, then at Paris, since dead.

## LETTER FROM ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE, Dec. 28, 1837.

*My Dear P.*—I got home on Saturday after an absence of some two months. I found my guns safely loaded—the larger of the two is a sweet critter, and the other is rather small, though it is made as I ordered—they shoot to the centre, and are much admired.

Well, Pete came up with me—he is much improved by his trip, and his prejudices against *certain men and horses* have been laid a-side. By the bye, some *trifling scoundrel* came well nigh ruining Pete, by inducing the good people to believe that his description of he Springs and the frolic there, was intended as a slur on them; but I went down to a big frolic in the bottom on Christmas, and squared every thing. If Pete cotches the chap, I reckon he will pay dear for his politics.

*Luzborough* remains in Tennessee next season. I had supposed that *Picton's* race would have induced his owner to send him forthwith to the *race-horse region*. I wish *Angora* could start in perfect fix for a four mile race—my word for it, you would see lumbering—she is a splendid animal. What will a Luzborough out of her do? *Mingo* can get a Flying Childers from her.

I have not heard the particulars of the Orleans races, though I have heard enough to induce me to believe the sport was not so good as was anticipated. I had hoped to have been with you there, but was disappointed, in consequence of the Legislature remaining much longer in session than was anticipated. The truth is, Arkansas is treading generally in the footsteps of Uncle Sam, and though we were convened to devise means to get rid of a surplus revenue, we had to borrow $50,000 from the bank, to meet the current expenses of the State; and to crown the matter, we have to meet again on the first Wednesday of Feb. next. This knocks my deer hunt in the head, for I have a great deal to do and will not have the leisure.

I would say something about the New York elections, and how the people here looked ever since, but I will not venture on politics after your hint to Pete.

Truly yours, N.

We learn from St. Francisville (La.) the result of the match between Mr. Haralson's *Mexican* and Mr. Farrar's *Uncas*, for $500 aside, mile heats. It was won by the latter in two heats, in 2:02—2:03; track heavy. We shall have a full report of it, we presume, sent to us, with the result of the regular Jockey Club Races over the same, which commence the following week.

We are frequently asked where Mr. Mayo's *Daghee* will take his position the coming season? We are unable to answer. Will some one inform us?

## NEWBERRY (S. C.) FALL RACES,

Commenced on Tuesday, 26th Dec., 1837. We are indebted to R. STEWART, Esq., Secretary and Treasurer, for the following report:—

TUESDAY, Dec. 26, 1837—Jockey Club Purse $260, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 102—5, 112—6, 120—and aged 126lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Two mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| P. E. Duncan's ch. g. *Don Pedro*, by Young Virginian, dam by Alonzo, 6 yrs. | 1 | 1 |
| George Waldren's gr. f. *Sally Blue Skin*, by Eclipse, dam by Shawnee, 4 yrs. | 4 | 2 |
| Wm. McCargo's ch. c. *Genito*, by Eclipse, dam by Packenham, 4 yrs. | 2 | 3 |
| John Gist's ch. f. *Ophelia*, by Bertrand, dam by ——, 3 yrs. | 3 | dr |
| John Harrison's ch. f. by Godolphin, out of Lady Deer Pond by Kosciusko, 3 yrs. | dist. | |

Time, 4:13—4:01.

The track was heavy in consequence of a very heavy sleet that fell on the Saturday night preceding, and melted during Sunday. Don Pedro could have made better time, had he been pressed, but was at no time put up. Genito was evidently out of order, and was so pronounced by Mr. McCargo previous to starting. Ophelia was entered with the intention of running only for the first heat, Mr. Gist declaring his intention of drawing her after the first heat. She is young and rather feeble, and the track heavy; so taking all things into consideration, she made a beautiful run.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27—Jockey Club Purse $175, ent. $10; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wm. McCargo's b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs. | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| P. E. Duncan's ch. g. *Creeping Charley*, by Sir Charles, dam unknown, 5 yrs. | 5 | 4 | 2 |
| George Waldren's b. m. *Gabriella*, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs. | 2 | 5 | 3 |
| James M. P. Newby's gr. g. *Hard Heart*, by Mercury, dam by Chuck-a-luck, aged | 4 | 2 | dr |
| H. Smith's ch. g. *Short Robin*, by Marcellus, dam by ——, 3 yrs. | 1 | 3 | dis |
| J. W. Thompson's b. c. *Bald Hornet*, by Bald Hornet, dam by Bertrand, 3 yrs. | dist. | | |

Time, 1:58—1:57—2:03.

In this race the knowing ones were bit. Hard Heart was the favorite, and even after losing the first heat, was bet against the field.

At the tap of the drum they all got off beautifully together. Short Robin soon took the lead, closely followed by Hard Heart, Gabriella, and Billy Townes; the fleet Robin, however, maintained his place, winning the heat by a length or more.

*Second Heat.*—They went off well together, Short Robin taking his former station, which he maintained about half the distance: but now came the tug of war—he was lapped by Gabriella, and made a desperate effort to maintain the lead, but the killing pace at which they had been going, had not only taken the *go-a-head* out of *him*, but made the 123lbs. on Hard Heart's back begin to tell. Gabriella passed; Billy Townes, close up, now made play, and for a short distance the contest seemed doubtful. But the fleetness of a Fylde, combined with the game of a Virginian, soon told—Billy Townes passed her, taking the lead, which he maintained to the end.

For the *Third Heat* only four started, Hard Heart having been drawn, his jockey becoming satisfied that he could not win a heat. At the tap of the drum they got off well together, Billy Townes taking the lead, which he maintained throughout the heat.

This, considering the condition of the track, which was rather heavy, was one of the best races ever run over our course, and he who meets Billy Townes in fine condition (for he was not so in this race), and heads him in a second heat, will say "enough" when the work is over.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; 5 subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats

Maj. Wm. Edding's b. f. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Napoleon, *received forfeit* from J. M. Henderson, M. R. Smith, John M. Starke, and Simeon Fair.

THURSDAY, Dec. 28—Jockey Club Purse $350, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hammond & Lovell's ch. c. *John Guidron*, by Bertrand, out of Madonna by Percussion, 3 yrs. | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| George Waldren's ch. g. *Clodhopper*, by Bertrand, dam unknown, 5 yrs. | 3 | 3 | 2 |
| Wm. McCargo's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Director, 3 yrs. | 1 | 2 | dr |

Time, 6:05—6:06—6:12.

This was a very betting race. As soon as the entries were made known, Clodhopper was the favorite, and was bet against the field; his backers, however, became rather tired by the next morning, and the heaviest bets lay between John Guidron and the Eclipse filly.

At the tap of the drum they got off handsomely together, Clodhopper leading, the others well up. After running three quarters of a mile, John Guidron made up to Clodhopper, and passed him, the Eclipse filly close at his heels. In this position they seemed satisfied to remain for two miles and a half, when the filly put out for home, and in spite of every exertion on the part of John's jockey, passed him, and won the heat by two lengths.

*Second Heat.*—John Guidron and Clodhopper cooled off finely, but when summoned to the stand, the Eclipse filly was still in a profuse sweat. At the tap of the drum off they went, John Guidron taking the lead, the filly well up, and Clodhopper a short distance behind. In this position they remained during the heat, John coming in first, with something to spare.

It was now evident that the filly was done, being amiss before starting, as declared by Mr. McCargo. Although he thought her able to win the first heat, yet expressed fears of her holding up the second; and in addition to this, she had, in John Guidron, that untiring Bertrand stock to contend with, which, when they get distance, will tell.

*Third Heat.*—Clodhopper and John Guidron only were brought to the stand, the filly having been drawn. At the tap of the drum they went off, John Guidron taking the lead, which he maintained throughout with ease, although Clodhopper showed game to the last, receiving both whip and spur freely the whole distance.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; 7 subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| M. R. Smith's ch. f. by Redgauntlet | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. A. Griffin's br. f. by Redgauntlet | 2 | 2 |
| Maj. J. D. Williams' br. f. by Redgauntlet | dist. | |

Time, 1:58—2:05.

FRIDAY, Dec. 29—Purse $225, entrance money of the preceding days; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr. James Leverich's ch. f. *Ajarrah Harrison*, by Eclipse, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs. | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Hammond & Lovell's ch. f. *Eclipsia*, by Eclipse, dam by Arab, 4 yrs. | 2 | 2 | 2 |

Time not given.

This was rather an uninteresting race. Ajarrah Harrison having acquired such high fame, from her recent splendid performances, at this distance, in Columbia and Augusta, that none dare oppose her, notwithstanding we had lots of horses that had not made a track; and but for the liberality of Messrs. Hammond & Lovell, the purse would have been surrendered her without a struggle. Mr. Hammond did not run with an expectation of winning, but merely to make sport, as he pronounced Eclipsia out of order at the time of entering.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $50 a side, each carrying 70lbs.; One mile out.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. C. Swan's br. g. *Cowdriver*, pedigree not given, aged | 1 |
| Mr. Gist's b. m. *Betsey Anderson*, by Cultivator, out of Ophelia, aged | 2 |

Time, 1:55.

This was a very close and interesting race. Cowdriver was the favorite, and bets of 2 to 1 offered on him, but few takers.

At the tap of the drum they went off well together. Cowdriver, however, soon took the lead, but was lapped by the mare in the back stretch. In this position they remained until they made the turn in the quarter stretch for home, when the mare gradually failed, Cowdriver beating her by two or three lengths.

This was the quickest mile heat that was run during our meeting. Cowdriver is said to be a famous mile horse, and the mare is therefore entitled to some credit for making so respectable a race against so formidable a competitor. The track was heavy from a shower of rain that fell the preceding day.

The races were well attended every day. We had about forty-five horses at our course this meeting. Every thing went off to the general satisfaction of all parties. The prospects of our club are truly flattering, having received upwards of forty new members during the present meeting; and by our next meeting we design improving our track, so that it shall be second to none in this Country.

R. STEWART, *Sec'y and Treas'r.*

A letter from a Nashville friend, bearing date the 10th inst., informs us that Picton & Co., the matched colts, were expected in town the following day. The glorious get of Luzborough will surprise them.

Mr. Grant, who rode 288 miles in 24 hours last Fall, over the Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia, has undertaken to ride 300 miles in the same time, on the 8th Feb. next, over the Beacon Course, opposite this city, for $2000 aside.

Mr. L. Smith, of Gallatin County, Ky., has sold his ch. filly Kitty Cade, 3 yrs. old, by Ratler, dam the dam of "Fanny Wright, to R. Prindell, of Lexington, Ky., for $1000.

*A Quaker.*—A *questionable* sort of Friend, being asked by a customer if it was not true that he had been dismissed from the body for some irregular doings, replied, "By no means, friend; I was under the necessity of dismissing the *whole* of our body myself."

## LETTER FROM BOOTS.

NIGGER-HEAD KNOBS, (near Richmond, Va.) Jan. 3, '38.

MR. EDITOR,—I lotted to give you another little tetch last week, but that ar' walk with "Whetstone" through them Arkansas swamps sorter wor'd out Boots, for Peter is a terrible tough hand to keep up with: he's been 'customed to weedin' short rows, and takes quick steps and sudden turns, and if a fellow aint mighty 'cute, Pete's apt to drap him a doubling round the "balks." It takes a sharp fellow anyhow to steer his course now-a-days: a cork with a light "head" to float in these troubled waters, for people's got to be so monstrous smart and schemy, a clubbing of their heads together, to draw eye-teeth, that one holds and t'other skins, and before a man knows where he is, or sees t'other from which, the jig's out, the child's christened, and his name is Antony, and all the lint's completely tuk off of little Billy. Well, as I got a leetle balked, and Boots had to git patched up and half-soled and bresh'd over, and one thing and another done to him to make him show decent once agin before he could go into the Legislature, I was disappointed in giving you that paragraph last week as purposed; but as it's never too late to come up to a promise (except when the three days' grace is out), here goes, as Double-tripe says, when he takes his grog.

I got up jest as the arrows of sunrise were falling thick and brightly o'er the the hill-tops, and piercing the thousand prisms of the frost-needles, and unsealing the slumbers of the thousands of those who "don't git up before day," and make it a pint to wait for those glorious messengers of morn.—(There's a streak of red morocco; the new leather don't *cry* none, does it?) I jumped up, shaved, and-so-forth, and dressed up to "how d'ye," tuk a cup of fragrant black tea, and walked into the bacon of a ten-year-old ham, (open your eyes tight, stranger!) as juicy as a peach, and as pungent as an old cheese (rare Virginny meat that); and I went forth from "the Knobs" as sharp as a "shrapsago." As I rid long by the "horse-heaven," (a place of deposite for all the deceased horses of the neighborhood,) and the bright air bore so distinctly to my ear the busy stir of the town, and the beauteous sun beamed so sweetly o'er the wide fields and bright waters, Boots, breathing its balmy softness, was lifted in heart once more to bless his Maker, and feel qualms of penitence rising in his breast—(that's a straight streak of the red stuff, aint it?)—and he walked into the House of Delegates as benevolent as an old ewe. But

"When he got there, oh! who should he hear,
But the Devil, turn'd chairman, a settin' in the chair."

One feller come up to me and said, "Boots, you vote for Banks, don't you?"—"No," says I, "I'm 'posed to all banks, from fat banks to Linn Banks: from them that's propt in the "chair," to them that's propt *by* the chair. But," says I, "put in my 'white alley,' for old Linn knows his business, which is what other banks don't." I heer'd the Governor's message, tellin' the people the banks here were all but crazy to throw out the specie. Now, I thought the last part of that ar' story as much like what Mrs. Opie calls a "black lie," as anything I ever seed; but the first part—the crazy part—as true as preaching. The way they *are* putting out specie now is at 5 *per cent.* tor *their own* paper. The extry session cotch'd the banks in the corner of the fence last summer, and the way them poor devils are a buttonin' up in a hurry is raally hurtful: they're buttoning up *drawers*—(a right good pun that, aint it, "old Brown Stout?")—and breeches both together, and still its

"Giddy, Giddy Gout,
With his shirt-tail out,"

for there's a monstrous sight of the "*rag*" "a tergo" yet—a heap of them little "promissories" of theirn that aint got the *metal* to walk to chalk when the Legislature cries out "tally!" Well, thought I to myself, it's a pretty pass we are come to, a great nation like this got no other medium of circulation but protested bank paper! Says I, beautiful indeed, right upon the back of the Benton "gold flood!" If there don't be a *crevasse* in these banks somewhere soon, 'twon't be for the want of a "swell in the stream:" for folks are gittin' tired of so much paper, and want to see some puter occasionally, as the fellow said of the kick of the zebra. The people—plain, honest people—(God bless 'em, as Reynard said of the young apes)—don't like to pass away raal estate for protested paper, whether of individuals or corporations. And I say so too. Go it, ye cripples, and when you git thar' take a long rest, do, pray, for the *bluff* game won't exactly do when you are called on to a show, and aint got "a full," and want the backability. That ar' *bluff* you made at New York about your anxiety to resume specie payment won't do when old Uncle Sam takes a little private paragraph at "a show," and calls you out to an exposure of your papers. Your vote in the specie convention was a raal bluff. Now if a hickory shad can climb a smooth-bark persimmon tree tail foremost, with the butter'd side down, then these here banks can throw out the specie. And if this dose of bank troubles don't puke the people, then I say 'taint for the want of the raal Tartar. Protested paper the medium of circulation! and how did it come so? Purely from precipitancy in the management. Now, I was trottin' 'long t'other day right fast, and an old nigger man said, "Your servant, Massa."—Says I, "You're mighty polite, old man, but I aint got no puter."—At that, says he, "Sir, I was jest gyne to ax you if your critter was sure-footed, for if he aint, it's mighty dangerous to go so fast—he's monstrous apt to make stumble a gyne at that lick." Jist so with the banks: they went too fast for nags that warn't sure-footed, and they have made a h—ll of a stumble.

It's curious to see how the parties are a "pecking off" here. One's afraid, and t'other dars'nt. The Senate at Washington adjourned over till Tuesday; and when Tuesday came, they jist doubled the blanket, and adjourned over till Tuesday agin! Now all that ar' holiday may be right, but it looks mighty like turnin' the wheel round in the same place every time—the gig don't git 'long much, to my thinking. "Well," says I, "Mr. R., you come down to git instructions, eh?—want to see which side the shovel the parched-corn pops?" says I; "out of the frying-pan into the fire, I guess; and it'll be a *dry living* at that, and be mighty apt to bring on a belly-ache too." "No," says he, "it's mighty convenient to come home on the rail-road now-a-days the cars travel so fast, it's really a temptation to leave business for a few days."—Says I, "Very good indeed; but fool who with your corn-cakes, my head aint cut for nothin'! Mighty convenient to come home! and it ought to be mighty convenient for a good many more of you to go home for good. Now, do you know what he was arter? he was arter *chunk*, man; thar' warn't no light whar' he came from; they was all a gropin' in the dark there 'bout the Sub-Treasury and Deposite systems. But, says I, it won't do: a nigger will stand all but kickin' him on the shin, that ar' joke raither moves him.

Well, as I was tellin' you 'bout the Governor's message.—Arter 'twas read, one man said it smacked mightily of Whiggism. Says I, "Hush, you fool! aint you got no more sense than that, to scare birds away just as they are a comin' to bait?" said I, "you must be a fool, sartin! Whar' did you git your broughtin'-up? you must have been fetched up on a fish-pond, for you have a funky smell about you." Says I, "You a Whig?"—"Yes," said he.—"Well, you must have come so lately?"—Said he, "I did: I couldn't stand the Sub-Treasury."—Says I, "Your simblin wants a little more sunshine, it's too squashy for the season.

Well, we've made a printer agin: who is it?—the devil? No, not so lucky, but his imp, old Tom, agin; and now it's the "Devil and Tom *walk-here*," as big as life, and print away more *true prophecies* than the nation can prevent, sich as, "—— would be a curse," &c. Ecce the currency.

I dreamt last night I fought a duel and got married. Now warn't I in a tight place? between * * * * *; hawk and buzzard. For speakin' of matrimony, people frequently says to me, "Major Boots," (at that I looks up, Major Boots says I, that's grand,) "why don't you get married?"—"Because," says I, "it's too constant a thing: a man has to look so fur ahead," says I, "it's too much like sixteen miles on a straight turnpike in the hot *byling* sun, and a d——d rough road and heavy tolls to pay." BOOTS.

NEW OPERAS.—At Paris two new operas are announced as being in rehearsal at the Opera Comique. The first, which is from the pen of the untiring Scribe, is entitled the Black Domino, and is composed by Auber. The second, entitled "Piquillo," is the work of Mompou; the libretto being written by Dumas. At the La Scala, at Milan, a new opera composed by a Spanish musician of the name of Obials, has been produced, under the title of "Odio ed Amor;" and on the 15th of Oct. a new romantic opera, in three acts, entitled "The Ratcatcher of Hameln," written by G. P. Berger, the music by Capellmeister F. Glaser, was produced for the first time at the opera at Berlin. Spontini's new opera, "Agnes von Hohenstaufen," which has been looked for with great anxiety, is announced for representation in the course of the present month. *Musical World.*

## LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

DEVIL'S FORK OF LITTLE RED, (Arks.), Dec. 24, 1837.

*My Dear Mr. Editor*,—Well, here I am, safe at home. The Legislature adjourned for a month, on account of the *small pox*. They were tired, and only wanted a good excuse. Well, I aint writ you for a long time. We had a bloody fight in our house—I tell you it was dreadful slaughtering—the way the big knives were pulled out, and such a slashing—it was awful. But I reckon a man has to pay now for toting a knife, pistol, or other dangerous weapon. Well this here is a mighty fluxible world, as Dr. Kraft said—perhaps you dont know Dr. Kraft. Well, he is a perfect crumpification of cases, and the way he figured at Randolph Court was a sin to Moses—lots of inditements for gambling—just playing a small game. Well, Kraft was a witness in every case, and they do say he and the States Feliciter were in Cohoot. Kraft made as high as $13 one day by being witness.

Well, what do you think? Some of my enemies up about the blowing cave, are trying to injure me—they say I am too hard on the Methodists—that's a lie—Pete dont crowd on any body—he believes strong in the Methodists, but he scorns a possum wherever he finds him. Pete don't apologise. He wishes to hurt no man, woman, or child's feelings, but like the Jack-ass dancing among the chickens, tells every body to look out for their own toes.

Well, after all, bear-hunting is another sort to legislating, and the way we are going to make the fun fly is funny. I came to Batesville, and saw N.'s rifle—the way she is a slick gun is right—I just wish I had sich a one, for if I had, I'd make the varmint see sights.

Pork is as high as six dollars, and scarce at that—nothing but a little *bitter mast*. Lawyer McCampbell is mixing strong among the people. He is bound to be elected.

The New York elections have reached the Devil's Fork—such a gitting off the fence I never did see—Turkies sliding, as Dr. Kraft would say. By the bye, Dr. Kraft used to be in the big Legislaturs—he is a perfect knight of the blue riband, and the way he drank Muscat for Buck when he was at the Rock, was sinful—when they handed him biscuits at a party, says he, "I thank you, sir, these will do me," and the way he handled the sweet bread was awful. He is going to try agin—if he fails, he starts for the State of Greene.

To-morrow is Christmas, and I have lots of eggs. The way I'll walk into a bowl of nog in the morning will be nice. Sister Sal and Jim Cole are well, and their boy is a bulger. I forgot to tell you—the citizens gave us a splendid ball at the neck—it was in the State House—four sets dancing at one time—reels for the benefit of the Sub County Members—the way Pete went it was a caution—he got as high as cotillions. Such pretty ladies I never did see. Lots of good things at supper. Well, there is no mistake, but cotillions are a huckleberry above reels. I am sleepy now, so good night.

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

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We learn that the celebrated horse *Post Boy* has taken his final departure from the North for his future home in Murfreesborough, Tenn.; and it is the wish of all who have witnessed his triumphs, or sympathised with his adversities, that that home may no longer be chequered by incidents that paralysed his powers, and lessened his fame as a race horse. He has our best wishes for his future success as a stallion, and if the blood of the Messenger can with advantage be crossed with that of Pacolet and Archy, he is destined to occupy beyond the Alleghanies a high and commanding position.

As a race horse, he never lost the confidence of the North, and to the last moment his friends could scarcely realize the effect of the change; and when scarcely able to save his distance in the field, they still indulged the hope that the paralysis would pass off, and Post Boy be himself again. That day, however, never arrived, and to those who can discriminate is left the position that hereafter he is destined to occupy. His future services will be devoted to the West, and if great strength, combined with great speed and good racing form, can remunerate those who patronize him, they will never regret the liberality and spirit that drew from the North this favorite son of Henry.

# English Sporting Intelligence.

## LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.

The betting on Monday showed little or no improvement, and would be scarcely deserving of comment, but for a change which presented itself in Scott's two. Ten days ago it seemed pretty clear that, if either, Cobham was the nag to which the report of lameness applied, two or three bets having been taken in which he was coupled with the Early Bird. On Monday last the current set the other way, two or three parties having volunteered to take 22 to 1 about the Nonplus colt, while another offered to back him for 500 against Cobham. Perhaps, after all, as in the case of the Cobweb colt, the lameness and the blistering exist only in the imaginations of those who have circulated the report. Ion was in some favor, and Cobweb rose half a point on the previous quotation, but was not backed. Unique (Sister to Ruby), was backed rather freely at 15 to 1 for the Oaks, and left off at 13 to 1 (offered); 15 to 1 offered agst. Calisto (take 20 to 1). The most singular bet made in the course of the afternoon was one of 100 to 10 agst. Lucetta for the Goodwood Cup, with all the risks. It will be recollected that this famous mare was purchased by Lord Exeter at the sale of the late Sir Mark Wood's stud for a large sum; she proved to be barren, and has recently been put in training, upon the strength of which, and her "previous good character," the bet was taken. Beyond a slight decline in the favorites, (19 to 2 against one and 11 to 1 against the other, betted and afterwards offered), there was nothing done on Thursday to call for observation. The room was very thinly attended, and the betting flat.

THE DERBY.

| Monday. | | Thursday. |
|---|---|---|
| 9 to 1 ag —— | D'Egville | 9½ to 1 ag —— |
| 10½ — 1 — —— | Cobweb | 11 to 1 — —— |
| 16 — 1 — —— | The Early Bird | —— |
| 18 — 1 — —— | Grey Momus | 18 to 1 — (tk) |
| 18 — 1 — —— | Young Rowton | —— |
| 20 — 1 — —— | Cobham | —— |
| 20 — 1 — —— | Nonplus's Dam | —— |
| 21 — 1 — (tk) | Ion | —— |
| 20 — 1 — —— | Volunteer | —— |
| 20 — 1 — —— | Marinella | —— |
| 25 — 1 — —— | Bamboo | —— |
| 35 — 1 — —— | Tranby's Dam | —— |
| 40 — 1 — —— | Cracker | —— |
| 40 — 1 — —— | Monck Adam | —— |
| 50 — 1 — (tk) | Bullion | —— |
| 500 — 400 — (tk) | on Grey Momus ag. Volunteer | 500 to 400 on G M |
| 600 — 500 — (tk) | on Grey Momus agst. Ion | —— |
| | **OAKS.** | |
| 15 — 1 — (tk) | Unique | —— |
| 15 — 1 — —— | Callisto | —— |
| | **GOODWOOD CUP.** | |
| 10 — 1 — (tk) | Lucetta | —— |

Bell's Life in London, of Dec. 3, 1837.

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*The Loan of Plenipo.*—An offer has been made by a party of foreigners of a thousand guineas a year, for five years, together with a policy of insurance to the tune of 5,000 guineas, in case of accidents by flood or field, for the use and service of "the mighty Crack" during that time; but nothing can induce his owner to lend him. If every guinea in ten thousand guineas were in ten parts, and every part a guinea, he would not draw them.

*Elis.*—The Hon. S. Herbert has purchased Elis, by Langar, out of Olympia, winner of the St. Leger in 1836, and now stationed at the Turf Tavern, Doncaster, for 2,500 guineas. The same sum was offered for him by the French Government.

It is reported that a gentleman farmer near Caistor, has got an extensive commission to execute in horse-flesh, for the Emperor of Russia, for which he is to receive 2,000*l.* per annum.

We believe the sum of 1,000 sovs. has been offered and refused for Appleton Lad.

As it respects information of "great pith and moment," Newmarket may be said to be drawn blank just now. All that we have found to communicate to our sporting friends is, that Physic has been doing its work very properly in Lord Jersey's stable. That Bamboo, Ion, Osprey, Young Rowton, and Dormouse, are all going excellently well; and that there is more promise about Lord Jersey's Sister to Glencoe, than any other mare in the Oaks.

*Sporting Obituary.*—On Wednesday last, at his residence, at Appleton, near Malton, rather suddenly, James Hebden, Esq., greatly respected by a very extensive circle of relatives and friends. Mr. Hebden was well known and esteemed on the turf as a supporter of the sport, as well as a breeder of blood stock; Lustre, Appleton Lad, Appleton Lass, and many others, being the produce of his stud farm. Mr. Hebden was brother to the respected partners of the house of Hebden, Copley & Co., of York, and of Mr. Ald. Hebden, of Leeds.

## RACING AT JACKSON'S GROUND.

On Thursday there was some excellent racing at the above named grounds; but owing to the unfavorable state of the weather, the attendance was much thinner than usual. There were, however, some of the right sort present, and two matches, and a sweepstakes hurdle race, afforded good sport. The first match was between Mr. Walker's Lady Teazle and Mr. Ryan's Victoria—mile heats with two strong hurdles. Victoria won the first heat in a canter, to the surprise of the betting men, who reckoned on the known qualities of her ladyship. Becher, who was present, and knowing the particular fort of the Lady, gave a hint to the jock to make strong running, and the result proved the Captain's judgment was correct. The mares raced it every yard, and Lady Teazle won the two next heats in admirable style, thus showing, as Becher remarked, "the farther she went the better she was." The sweepstakes for a handsome silver cup came next, in mile heats, by the following:—Mr. H. Elmore's Park Pailing, rode by Barker; Mr. J. Elmore's William Tell, H. Elmore; Mr. Oliver's Meg Merrilies, owner; and Mr. Walker's Buffalo, Martin. The first heat was an excellent race between Meg Merrilies and Buffalo, which pair took the hurdles in prime order, the others lying pretty close up. Meg ultimately won by a neck. The second heat was also well contested by Park Pailing and Meg, the former winning by a length. Buffalo and William Tell were now drawn. Prior to the last heat a match was run by two subscribers' horses, whose names did not transpire. This gave breathing time to Park Pailing and Meg, who again took the field amidst much betting. Park Pailing came off the victor, the mare being evidently not in the best possible condition. The artful dodge of "clipping" part of a field, it being at the time nearly dark, afforded much amusement to those who "twigged" the move. The lateness of the afternoon when the racing finished, prevented the sports being wound up with a drag, as usual. About six o'clock a "right merrie" party of about a score sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by Jackson, who proved himself a king of caterers. The wines were also first rate. Mr. Elmore presided, and Captain Becher officiated as deputy, and as a friend remarked—"d—d well he did it." He was as full of life and fun as a two year old, and his "spicy" chaunts and sporting tales kept the table in a roar. The chairman, and several others, also added considerably to the conviviality of the evening, and all was jollity and good feeling till a late hour. In the course of the evening, several steeple-chace matches were made, which was regretted could not take place at Jackson's, in consequence of the railroad running through the principal part of his steeple-chace grounds. Among them was one for 50*l.* a-side, between Capt. Becher's brown gelding Airey, and a horse belonging to Mr. Thomas, of Oxford-street. The match is to come off within a month, over four miles of country to be chosen by Mr. Elmore.

## GAMBLING SECURITIES.

With feelings of the deepest regret, we find that a trial will take place on or about the 9th instant, in which a Noble Earl is defendant. We lament this, because the Noble Earl has been one of the most liberal supporters of the turf, and has hitherto met his engagements in the most honorable manner. From what we can collect, it appears that the Noble Earl lost at a fashionable club at the west-end 1,000*l.*, for which he gave a draft on his bankers, which on presentation was dishonored. One of the proprietors of the club retired, and the check was paid to a tradesman in the neighborhood who had been employed by the club. Two seasons were allowed to elapse, and the new holder applied for payment, which was resisted on the ground of its being a gambling transaction, and the present action arises in consequence. That it will excite considerable interest we have no doubt; for it is the first case, since the new enactment, which makes gambling securities valid, that has been brought before a Court. It was supposed at first the noble defendant would let judgment go by default, for the proceedings had been so far neglected, that the judgment had been actually obtained for the plaintiff; but "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip," and so in this instance, for on application for a rule to shew cause why the prothonotary should not compute principal and interest, for the first time the noble defendant responded, by his attorney, Sir Oswald Mosley, who put in an affidavit, that he was the only attorney for the Noble Earl, that he had only been apprised of the action a day before, and that he had good grounds of defence; upon which he obtained a rule to shew cause why the judgment should not be set aside. It was argued by Sergeant Talfourd for the plaintiff, and Sergeant Wylde for the defence, when the court allowed the noble defendant to come in and plead on the payment of costs. The pleas of the noble defendant are, first, that he did not make the cheque; 2d, that it was given for a gambling transaction. We understand the Attorney General, Sergeant Talfourd, and Mr. Thesiger, are engaged for the plaintiff, and Sir William Follett and Sergeant Wylde for the defence. We have, more than once, stated our opinion on the singular "bad taste," to say the least of it, observable in some gentlemen, who seeking to win, when they lose, thus attempt to resist the consequences of their own folly, a resistance, which, if attempted on the part of a gambling housekeeper, would be deemed the refinement of roguery, and yet both parties stand in the same relative positions.

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In the extraordinary day's sport at Wrightington, Mr. Scarisbrick killed 458 and Mr. Hoghton 276 head. Their ammunition failed them at half-past three, or they would doubtless, have greatly increased the aggregate of the slaughter.—The following is the result of a battue at Col. Rawstorne's, of Penwortham, near Preston, one day last week. It came off as follows:—

| | Pheasants. | Hares. | Rabbits. | Woodcocks. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| The Earl of Derby | 21 | 7 | 2 | 0 |
| Lord Stanley | 29 | 7 | 16 | 0 |
| Mr. Wilson Patten | 27 | 12 | 6 | 0 |
| Mr. Egerton | 14 | 5 | 11 | 0 |
| Colonel Rawstone | 17 | 11 | 12 | 2 |
| Rev. Robt. Rawstone | 15 | 6 | 7 | 0 |
| Hon. R. B. Wilbraham, M. P. | 22 | 9 | 10 | 1 |
| Mr. Hopwood | 12 | 5 | 2 | 0 |
| Lancaster Guardian. | 157 | 62 | 66 | 3 |

At Gunton, the seat of Lord Suffield, on the week before last, the party killed 2,200 head of game in five days, Lord G. Bentinck, we believe, as usual, leading the bag. On Wednesday week at Felbrig, the seat of Mr. W. Windham, the party bagged upwards of 500. It has been the general remark that woodcocks, of which there is a great supply, never were so fat.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—*New Cartridge.*—On Tuesday last the Acrotormentarian Society of Riflemen met at their private ground, at Wormwood Scrubbs, to contend for a splendid gold medal, at 300 yards from the target. Most of the crack shots were present, which compelled each to do his best, and increased the excellence of the sport. On this occasion Mr. A. Margaray made use for the first time of his newly-invented cartridge for the rifle, with which, although the piece can be loaded with the same facility as a soldier's musket, the accuracy of the firing is not the least impaired, as a proof of which Mr. Margary made 18 hits and four bull's eyes out of the 24 rounds he fired, the target being 80 inches in diameter, and the bull's eye six inches. We consider this cartridge a most decided improvement, and well worthy the attention of the army, as it obviates the great objection to the use of the rifle as a military weapon, namely, the length of time consumed in loading the piece. On the Thursday following, the Society met at Chalk Farm, when Mr. A. Margary was again successful, and won the silver medal for the sixth and last time. The gold medal was awarded to Mr. Catchawood. The distance was 250 yards, and the target is now the same size as the one at Wormwood Scrubbs. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, there was a good muster, and the shooting, considering the weather, extremely good, 20 out of 24 being struck by the winners. After the termination of the contest Mr. A. Margary fired for three minutes at the target, in order to ascertain with what rapidity he could load and discharge his piece, when he fired 12 rounds, putting four balls into the bull's-eye, and the remaining eight into the target, at 100 yards. The piece he used on this occasion was made by Mr. Braggs, of Holborn.

*Extraordinary Death*.—James Warwick, a horse-breaker residing at Brackenburgh, in the parish of Hesket-i'-the-Forest, Cumberland, was employed on Monday week in breaking in a young horse, after which he got intoxicated, and as he was riding home put his lighted pipe into his waistcoat pocket. The smouldering contents of his pipe fell into his clothes, and were fanned into a flame by the wind, which communicated to the whole of his dress. The poor man threw himself from the horse and rolled on the ground without being able to extinguish the fire. Some persons came up, and relieved him from his horrible state, but he died on the Tuesday.

*The Royal Thames Yacht Club.*—The anniversary dinner of this distinguished Club was held on Wednesday evening at the Club-house, the Crown and Anchor, Strand. W. H. Harrison, Esq., took the chair, and we were much pleased to observe among the company a number of the most influential members and liberal patrons of the sport surrounding the festive board. The dinner was an excellent one, and the wines of first-rate quality. On the removal of the cloth, "Non nobis" was chaunted by the professional gentlemen, after which the following toasts were proposed and drunk with the usual honors, viz. "The Queen, the Patroness of the Club," "The Queen Dowager, and the rest of the Royal Family," "Admiral Sir T. M. Hardy, Vice Patron of the Club," "The Navy and Army," "The Royal Yacht Squadron," "Prosperity to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, "The Yacht Clubs of the United Kingdom," "Amateur Sailing and the sports of the river," "The Commodore," "The Captain," "The Treasurer," "Mr. Williams, the Father of the Club," &c. We have not space to enumerate all the good things said and done on this occasion—suffice it, therefore, to state, that the exertions of the Commodore and the other officers of the Club in supporting the interests of the Society were highly eulogised, and the evening was spent in a truly convivial manner. Messrs. Fry, Price, Green, and Wells, were the professional gents. engaged, and they afforded great gratification by the able manner in which they contributed to the harmony of the evening. Mr. John Rhodes also sang several songs in his usual style. The monthly meeting of the Club will take place on Thursday next, and as there is much business of importance on hand, a strong muster is expected.

THE ROYAL HUNT.—*Meeting of Her Majesty's Stag-Hounds on Ascot-Heath* [Hodgson and Graves, Pall-mall].—We have been favored with a sight of a proof of this splendid engraving, which will shortly be ready for publication, and which, in point of execution, surpasses anything of the same description in spirit and accuracy that we have yet seen. The engraving has been executed by Mr. F. Bromley, in the first style of mezzotinto, from a painting by F. Grant, Esq., which was exhibited last season at the New National Gallery, and which, from the number and excellence of the portraits, and the happy grouping of men and dogs, excited such general admiration. Mr. Bromley has faithfully preserved every feature of the originals, and produced a work which stamps him as an artist of the highest eminence. The scene is Ascot heath, at the moment when the field has assembled, and in the busy group we recognize no les than 42 portraits, every one of which leaves no room to doubt the identity. Among them we have the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Errol, the Duke of Beaufort, the Count d'Orsay, the Earl of Wilton, Sir Andrew Barnard, &c., &c., and, "though last not least," our old friend, Carrol, the wine merchant, whose person and cob are so admirably matched. The portraits of Davis, the huntsman, Freeman, the second whip, and Paddy, with thirteen and a half couple of the Royal hounds, are also prominent in the picture; and taking the "tout ensemble," it is one of the happiest productions ever yet submitted to the sporting world. The size of the plate is 32 inches by 21.

*Pedestrianism.*—On Monday a gentleman made a wager that he would run from the County Terrace Tavern, New Kent road, to the Old Church, at Wandsworth and back again in two hours (to run all the way, not to walk).—He started at twenty-three minutes before four, and arrived at Wandsworth twenty minutes after four; he rested seventeen minutes; he started back twenty-three minutes before five, and arrived twenty-two minutes after five; winning by fifteen minutes. He went by way of Clapham, and it is supposed he went half a mile out of his direct course. The distance is computed to be six miles each way.

On Sunday morning last, a lad named John Mole, aged fifteen, undertook to run a race of two miles in the Long-walk, Windsor, in twelve minutes and a half. He completed the distance in twelve minutes. Bets were four to one against him. He is ready at any time to take the odds to do the same distance in eleven minutes and a half.

On Monday last, a shooting match came off at Mr Morton's, Bugbrook-wharf. It was for a silver snuff-box. Twelve members entered for the box, at three pigeons each, 21 yards from the trap, to fall within 60. The following gentlemen killed their three birds:—Mr. Wheeler, Bugbrook; Mr. J. A. Borton, Northampton; Mr. George, Northampton; Mr. Edwards, Plumton; Mr. Barker, Towcester; Mr. G. Lovell, Bugbrook. The ties were shot off at two birds; Mr. George and Mr. Edwards killing their two birds each. Mr. George's second bird fell out of bounds; the match was therefore won by Mr. Edwards.—We understand that another match has been made by the same gentlemen, to come off on Thursday next, on the Race Course, Northampton.

*A New Velocipede.*—On Tuesday a considerable crowd assembled along the New-road, to witness the performance of a new velocipede upon an ingenious construction. It consists of two large light wheels, about six feet in diameter, upon the suspension principle, connected by a crooked axle, upon the centre of which the operator sits and propels the machine with his feet at a velocity truly surprising. It proceeded up the steep ascent of Pantonville-hill, at the rate of sixteeen miles an hour.

*Interior of New South Wales.*—It appears from the Sydney Herald, copies of which we have received to the 15th August, that two persons travelled in a gig drawn by one horse, from Sydney across the country to Port Phillip, a distance of five hundred miles, the new settlement, passing through several tribes of the natives; that they then crossed the water to Launceston, taking with them their gig and horse, and afterwards drove to Hobart Town.

The Marquis of Waterford is now in town, and we are happy to learn that his Lordship's health is daily improving.

Lord De Roos is residing in retirement at his villa in John's Wood.

## ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

We very much doubt if the contentions of the Yorks and Lancasters ever exceeded the recent rivalry of the two patent theatres, commonly known by the names of the *Lane* and the *Garden* in the neighborhood, and by those of Drury Lane and Covent Garden out of it.

We say recent, because we trust, as we believe, that the ill-spirit which directed it has somewhat subsided, and those most interested are likely to be left rather to the energies of their heads than to the heat of their passions. On a sheer principle of common justice, at the same time having a stake in the property of Drury Lane, for which, at the present writing, we have seen no return, though our money helped to build the house, did we rebut what we believed to be the unjust attacks upon it by the partisans of the opposing faction, and we should again, if a sense of duty directed us so to do.

After all, it is a matter of very little consequence to the public, either the squabbles of the parties themselves, or the championship of either side by other people; it will seldom win half a dozen *to* a cause, or take away half a dozen *from* one. The public, as we have always maintained, care not a straw for theatrical personages beyond the immediate pleasure derived from their performances; and though it would be absurd to suppose that both houses do not possess their respective partisans, yet the exercise of such partisanship seldom produces any good. We have fearlessly acted upon straightforward honest principles, not caring one jot whom we please or whom we offend, and we shall continue to do so to the end of the chapter—at the same time we are most happy to do strict justice even to an enemy.

The exertions of the rival managers this week enable us to adopt that more pleasing course. We very much doubt if the genius, or the inspiration, or what you please, of *Joan of Arc* herself, ever created a greater hubbub with our Gallic neighbors than she has during the last few days with us. An opera, upon the subject of her exploits, has been produced at Drury Lane, and a spectacle to the same effect at Covent Garden; both of which have met with great and well-merited success.

In the spirit of that animosity previously alluded to, we should be inclined to give credence to the observations of the Morning Herald as to the unfair forestalment of an opera, months in preparation, by a melo-drama only as many weeks on the stocks; but, fair or not, it denotes activity, and we always stick up for that. It is a much easier task to drill a body of soldiers than a body of musicians; and without, therefore, questioning the propriety, the forestalment is a bit of generalship, at all events.

We have heard it remarked, with great justice, that the example set by the nobility at the present moment, by patronising a foreign company, is a downright neglect of the most eminent singers, chorus, and band, which this country possesses, now performing nightly in Balfe's new opera, and a positive reproach to the land we live in; but there are some people who would literally swallow a *foreign* poison rather than a *native* antidote. Balfe's opera of Joan of Arc contains some of the most delicious *morceaux* he has yet composed—foremost amongst which may be classed, "When the purple cornflower," leading into the inspiring air and chorus, "But the trumpet shall sound," which is also in the overture, and very admirably brought in at the finale of the first act. Then a comic song being comically sung by Seguin—an exquisite ballad as exquisitely sung by Templeton—another ballad likely to become popular, called "The Peace of the Valley," but not likely to be *so* popular as the one on which it is evidently founded. The duet of "Rustic pipe and shepherd bell" is full of melody; and the finale to the second act completely sustains the action of the piece. There is an amusing and well-executed duet between Seguin and Giubilei, and a trio, perhaps the gem of the opera, by Balfe, Seguin, and Giubilei. Miss Romer's scena in the dungeon is a fine composition; but the subsequent duet might certainly be dispensed with.

*Joan of Arc*, as produced at Covent Garden, aspires to nothing beyond a spectacle, and we are equally pleased, as bound, to say that it is an exceedingly splendid one. There is nothing whatever to criticise in this production beyond the acting of Miss Huddart, on whose shoulders all the responsibility rests; and, if a little more subdued, would be a delightful performance.

The merits of these two dramas are quite distinct; and we are gratified in having to record these merits. The representations of all the world could not induce us to swerve from our view of justice; and where, by the cabals of others, the public has been the gainer (as in the instance of Joan of Arc at both houses), we ought rather to congratulate ourselves that by censure we emulate both. To those efforts we now do, and shall be ever ready to, heartily praise and uphold.

London Age.

Signor Catone, who is progressing greatly in public favor by his exquisite talent at the Opera Buffa, is, we are informed, a gentleman by birth and education; he studied music originally as an amateur, but from unforseen circumstances has been compelled to make it his profession.

Alfred Sola, the son of Mr. Sola, has just arrived from Naples, after having studied for three years and a half under the famous Guglielmi. We recollect him a good baritone singer before he left England.

Mr. Ranger, who is so attractive at the Haymarket theatre in "The Romantic Widow," is a gentleman of considerable property, who merely acts for amusement, and the name of Ranger is assumed to please his friends.

The continued attraction of Sheridan Knowles's comedy of "The Love Chase" is unprecedented in the annals of the modern legitimate drama. On Tuesday next will be the fiftieth night of its representation, when new scenery, dresses, &c., are promised. The following fathionables have visited the Haymarket this week:—The Duke of Rutland, Duchess of Cleveland, Marchioness of Salisbury, Countess of Lichfield, Countess of Chesterfield, Earl and Countess of Jersey, Lord and Lady Aylmer, Lady A. Peel, Sir Geo. Seymour, Sir Thomas Troubridge.

"The Boy of Ballinahinch" is the whimsical and perfectly Irish title of the new piece in which Mr. Power appears to-morrow evening at the Adelphi. The character has been expressly written for him, and it is anticipated that "The Boy" will become as general a favorite as any of his former Hibernian personations.

## MANGO AND THE NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

CRAVEN'S JUSTIFICATION.

Let no man henceforth ask "what's in a name?"—"Give a dog a name and hang him," quoth the proverb: call a race the Leger, and straightway shall it become profuse of evil as the box of Pandora, but without its ray of redeeming hope at the bottom. If space were allowed me, I think the interests of the Turf might be served by an inquiry concerning the Doncaster St. Leger last past. Statements have now been some time public of very nefarious matters involved in it. The journal in which they appeared gave the names of the parties supposed to be implicated; at the same time, in the spirit of fair discussion, avowing a willingness and anxiety to make its columns instrumental to a refutation of them. Nothing of the kind seems to have been done, and point blank assertions of foul dealing, with all appliances of names and dates, are left without an attempt at disavowal. This is much to be regretted, and scarcely would have permitted persons so alluded to the currency of society in the good old days of probity and such old-fangled notions "when George the Third was King."

To confine the present notice, however, to the event at the head of this paper, in keeping with its appellative ill-omen, the recent Newmarket St. Leger, has been obnoxious to much *discussion*, to use the best-bred phrase I have at hand. That race is run on the Wednesday in the First October Meeting; and without more prologue to enter upon the business of our scene, I crave permission to quote my observations upon it at the time, premising that the favorite for it, for a considerable period antecedent to the meeting, was Mr. Greville's Mango. On Tuesday I wrote to the effect—"This evening it was universally current that Mango had broken down, and a guinea to a shilling was the course of exchange about him for the morrow's Leger. At a late hour there was a report that he had been out *after dusk* upon the Heath, but the result of it, supposing the fact to have been as stated, was kept for the service of all whom it might concern. To inquiries at the Rooms, the answer was that he was *not* scratched for his Wednesday's engagement.'

On Wednesday I have thus written:—"It was announced that Mango would go for the Leger, but among the select this seemed to have been anticipated, and made no change in their looks or books; but very different was the case with those who had backed the field at a poney to a pound. Something, intended to be received as an explanation of the impression sent abroad of that horse's having broken down, was given out; but I must be permitted to say that it was the lamest part of the whole business in my estimate. The explanation was to the effect that the trainer, Mr. Dilly (*Mango is not now in the hands of Mr. Prince*), who first pronounced the case a break-down (that is to say, a violent, generally a fatal muscular injury), presently discovered that it was merely a bruise of the foot, or some trifle of the kind. *When* this discovery was effected is not stated; but at whatever time it was so providentially made, *no notice* of the circumstance was issued to the public till it could no longer be kept, and when it was no longer useful to conceal it. Whether any hopes existed, or not, that the bruise might allow the horse to start, surely it would have been as courteous to have stated that it *was* a bruise that confined him to his stable, and not a break down, that precluded the possibility of his crossing the threshold of its door. If courtesy and the Turf are *dos-à-dos*—well: otherwise, to deal leniently with the affair, it was an ungracious proceeding."

Having given this paragraph to the Sporting World through the pages of a book known almost half a century for the care with which, albeit in a delicate task, it has avoided giving offence, and the scrupulous zeal with which it has ever sought to mingle the *utile dulci*, I hasten to afford the same publicity to its contradiction contained in a letter which I yesterday received from the proprietor of Mango:—

"If you really were at Newmarket, you must have known of your own knowledge that there was not a syllable of truth in any one of the facts of your narrative. You must have known that it was not universally current on *Tuesday* evening that Mango had broken down; but, on the contrary, that on *Monday* everybody at Newmarket was aware of the exact state of the case, and aware also that I had repeatedly said that I would not decide till Wednesday morning whether he would start for the St. Leger or not. You must have known that there was no 'report that the horse had been out after dusk;' and it was your business to know (since you profess to instruct the public in these matters), that the horse walked down to the course on Tuesday while the races were running, and gallopped on the conrse (on the B. M.) as soon as they were over. It is not true that any such impression was ever sent abroad: and equally untrue that any attempt or explanation ever took place on the subject: and you must have known that there never was any course of exchange of a poney to a pound, nor any betting at all until the morning of the race, after it was declared that Mango would start."—I give this extract of the letter here, that these denials, which constitute the gravamen of the charge against me, may be brought into a more convenient shape for reference as we proceed.

I waive all allusion to the manner in which it has pleased Mr. Greville to make this communication; but I owe it to myself and to the readers of this work that they should be put into a condition to judge (other than by personal assertion) the point at issue. To that end I offer the subjoined remarks upon that race, extracted from the only two London Journals whose reporters attended Newmarket for the purpose of reporting for the Turf. The Daily Press is necessarily too concise upon Sporting Affairs to have entered into more than the details of the event.

"*The St. Leger Stakes.*—Before entering into particulars of this race, we should state, that, after his gallops on Saturday, Mango was found to be lame, and was not seen out of his stable until Tuesday. Of course the most was made of the circumstance: 'he had broken down,' and twenty to one was actually betted that he would not run any more this season, if ever he ran again. His trainer (Mr. Dilly, who has the care of him till he has run out his engagements) soon discovered that it was only a foot lameness, kept him quiet (AT THE SAME TIME KEEPING HIS COUNSEL), and on Tuesday evening, about six o'clock, gave him a gallop. Till this movement it was great odds against his running, but as he went sound and well, it was determined to wait till Wednesday before he was scratched. On the morning he was found quite 'fit,' and it was decided to run, not a little to the surprise of some knowing ones, who wondered how a horse that had broken down, and remained three days in the stable, could run a two-mile course with any chance of success."

"*Newmarket, Tuesday.*—In the evening it was reported that Mango had fallen lame, and would not start for the St. Leger Stakes." * * *

"*Wednesday.*—Mango is another horse, whose running has been made to vary so much that it is difficult to say what he will or will not do. At the beginning of the year he was fancied very much, and justly: but all must remember his display at Epsom. At Ascot he encountered Rat-trap in a race that was taken by many for a dead heat, and Rat-trap had been beaten the day before in a canter by Slane. At that time many were dissatisfied with Robinson's riding, and thought that Rat-trap should have had it. Mango beat Edgar, Adrian, and Chapeau d'Espagne, and afterwards Velure at the same Meeting, and then raised in the betting for the Leger for some months. His winning that event had been deemed accidental by some, whilst others aver that he was 'bottled up,' and continually run to order for the purpose of concealing his pace till then. In the Newmarket St. Leger he met Troilus, Rat-trap, and Dardanelles; of course he was the favorite, but as he was to win, he was at a wrong figure, it being six to four on him. As this might not suit some books, he was to be depreciated to a certain degree, and a whisper of lameness was of course raised: 'dead lame and gone amiss,' the oft recurring phrase, was whispered on every side. But there is a point beyond which public patience will not go; and any attempt to go wrong with Mango NOW would be a 'leetle' too bad. So out he came, and albeit many doubts, suspicions, and misgivings had been raised by the tricks and artifices which had been resorted to 'to get the money on,' and to work out a system of humbug and monopoly, which is rapidly destroying public confidence on the Turf: yet Mango, 'with all his lameness,' as he entered the lists, was found ready for the contest.

Before I proceed to analyze the matters thus plainly put, may I crave it of my reader's kindness to contrast my notice of the Newmarket St. Leger with these extracts! The front of my offending is simply a charge of a want of courtesy towards the public on Mr. Greville's part—a want of skill, or a less creditable reason, that his trainer did not make it generally known that Mango had not broken down. A charge "that tricks and artifices had been resorted to 'to get the money on,' and to work out a system of humbug and monopoly, which is rapidly destroying public confidence on the Turf," had been published three weeks previous to my allusion to the event to which that charge related. May I ask the reader, "to look on this picture, and on that," and draw his own conclusion?

I am told by Mr. Greville that I ought to have known better than commit myself, as I have done, by giving to the world statements relative to the race before us utterly at variance with fact:—"they were not true." I have too much respect for the readers of this Magazine not to set myself right with them—to which intent the subjoined examination of the charges brought against me as a Racing Authority is entered upon, and with no view to offer any "atonement" to Mr. Greville, whose attempt to make me the scape-goat in this case I justly appreciate. I now beg to examine seriatim the point-blank mis statements with which I am accused in that gentleman's letter addressed to Craven.

First, then, I am told, "you must have known that it was not commonly current on Tuesday evening that Mango had broken down; but, on the contrary, that on Monday everybody at Newmarket was aware of the exact state of the case." To this I reply, first in the sentence which directly applies to it in the notice of the Second October Meeting in the New Sporting Magazine:—

"Mango, the winner of the Great St. Leger, was naturally expected to win its minor namesake at Newmarket: the more so as he had travelled to Doncaster, beaten the horses likely to be opposed to him, and travelled home per van, leaving no excuse for lameness. Lame, however, he went on the Saturday previous to the Meeting, after several gallops and a sweat. Up to Tuesday afternoon he remained in his stable, and 'the office' was sent to the various Sporting houses in London, York, and Manchester, to back Lord Exeter."

"On Tuesday evening, about six o'clock, they gave him a gallop; till this moment it was great odds against his running."—Bell's Life.

"*Tuesday.*—In the evening it was reported that Mango had fallen lame, and would not start for the Leger Stakes."—Weekly paper, Oct. 8.

Thus it appears, that of the various persons whose business it was to procure the fullest intelligence, not one had "the office" that it was only a foot lameness which Mr. Dilly had soon discovered; but, on the contrary, "the office" was sent far and wide to back Lord Exeter's lot, and the report published that "he had fallen lame, and would not start for the Leger Stakes," as current on Tuesday night.

In the second place, it is said, "You must have known that there was 'no report that the horse had been out after dusk, the fact of which was kept for all whom it might concern,' and it was your business to know (since you profess to instruct the public in these matters) that the horse walked down to the course while the races were running, and galloped on the course (or the B.M.) as soon as they were over." Now here is a bit of genuine stuff for the sticklers for plain matter of fact—a little after date it is true, but not the less "news," inasmuch as my public has never heard a hint of the sort from all those idle slovenly fellows "whose business it is to know, since they profess to instruct the public in those matters!" Let us see what says the racing authority of the "New Sporting Magazine" anent this manifestation of Mango, who was on the course while the races were running, and galloped on the B.M. for the common good and service:—"As the lameness went away with three days' rest, he was 'galloped PRIVATELY on Tuesday evening.'"

This is a little towards my relief: but hear "Bell's Life!"

"After his gallops on Saturday Mango was found to be lame, and was not seen out of his stable until Tuesday; of course the most was made of the circumstance: 'he had broken down,' and twenty to one was actually betted that he would not run any more this season, if ever he ran again! His trainer (Mr. Dilly, who has the care of him till he has run out his engagements) soon discovered it was only a foot-lameness, kept him quiet (at the same time keeping his own counsel), and on Tuesday evening, about six o'clock gave him a gallop."

Now here there is nothing about the appearance of the lame steed at Tuesday's races, not a word about the B. M., and his liberal appearance thereon. It is, however, stated that he had a gallop, "about six o'clock." Mr. Greville insists there was no report that the horse had been out "after dusk." Surely such special pleading is as unworthy as it is certain to fail in its object. Mr. Greville will not say he was not aware of the statement in the London Journals that his horse "had a gallop about six o'clock;" and at that hour, upon the 3d of October, I ask, was there daylight in any spot of Great Britain? Will any man say the expression "after dusk" was not a suitable term to convey the atmospherical condition at six o'clock in the evening of the 3d of October?

Chiefly the choler of Mr. Greville, however, is excited by the addition of the words, "the fact of which was kept for all whom it might concern." In his second letter to the Editor of this Magazine he says, in reference to that gentleman's opinion, that he did not see that the article complained of at all bore the construction put upon it!" Now upon this principle I have to propose a question to Mr. Greville, first simply prefacing it: In "Bell's Life" Mango's lameness is thus spoken of:—"His trainer soon discovered it was only a foot-lameness, kept him quiet (at the same time keeping his own counsel), and on Tuesday evening, about six o'clock, gave him a gallop." As "keeping his own counsel" had some meaning (I presume) I should like to know what construction Mr. Greville puts on it. I fear I trespass upon the sufference of those who accord me perusal while thus I deal with the hollow sophistry that would fain impose upon the few who run and read. "It is not true that Mr. Dilly ever pronounced the case a break down"—accorded: he never hired the town crier to proclaim it at the market-cross. But, "he soon discovered it was a foot-lameness," implies that there was a time when he was not assured of it—when he had his doubts of the character of the injury: he was aware (is that to be denied?) that there was an impression abroad that the horse had broke down, and "he kept his own counsel." Of what materials does Mr. Greville suppose men's brains are now-a-days made, that they should stand in need of some one to interpret the meaning that lies under words like these? A merchant has a valuable consignment made to him, to the credit of another merchant, whose name we will suppose Smith. Meeting an individual, whom by some accident he mistakes for the consignee, he addresses him with "Mr. Smith, certain bales of goods are in my warehouse for you, which shall be duly delivered." Here Smith has not pronounced himself the consigneee, but he "keeps his own counsel," offers no contradiction, and has no reason to regret that he was not over communicative.

Last of all come these tria juncta: "It is not true that any such impression (viz., that Mango had broken down) was ever sent abroad; and equally untrue that any attempt at explanation ever took place on the subject; and you must have known that there never was any course of exchange of a poney to a pound, nor any betting at all till the morning of the race after it was declared that Mango would start." It will be necessary for me to repeat my fear, lest I be said
"ultra
Legem tendere opus;"
But in justice to myself I must run the risk of being "de trop" to some, while I haply convey to others a fact not previously understood. In doing so I must distinctly disavow the most remote intention of implying anything that is not honorable and every way creditable to the gentleman to whom I am compelled to allude. I bear my humble testimony to the zeal, talent, and tact with which he discharges a very heavy and responsible public duty. In himself he is a refutation of the fable having for its moral, "he who strives to please everybody will please nobody;" the truth of the deduction from "the old man and his ass" cannot stand the test of his example. As Newmarket is the scene of our present action, it may be enough to state that all the Morning and Evening Journals of the metropolis, as well as "Bell's Life in London," have their reports of the racing business there furnished by the party spoken of. The accounts which he supplies are composed of excellent matter, and may be regarded as Turf Court Circulars, very accurate in facts, and written with a suavity peculiarly recommending them to ears polite. The known reporter for the papers, as with Parliamentary reporters, and all that body of clever intelligent men, sources of information are open to him, not available to others. By this I am to be understood to mean that general facts and immediate refutations of such errors as by accident he may have been led into, are the features of the sporting matter supplied by the Journalist. What he has to do must be done quickly; a brief notice of events is all that is expected from him. Should he go astray in this, the slightest slip must be an error in fact, and not of judgment, for his affair is not one of opinion. The consequence is that an assertion contained in a newspaper, suffered to pass without contradiction for any space of time, is now conventionally regarded as an admission of its truth. In this way it has been my practice to deal with the uncontradicted statements found in that portion of the Press which I was aware had their reports from sources of credit.

None but those accustomed to the usage of La Trappe can arrive at an idea of the dilemma of that wight who should seek to be informed upon any point professional at Newmarket. Let him who would have a sample of it make an inquiry, the first time chance brings him there, upon some simple question, such as that on which we are engaged. Let him accost any trainer in that town (and among them there are as courteous and kind men as are to be found in England), and demand to know the state of the various horses under his care—then shall he be enabled to judge for himself. It is an understood stipulation, that in matters of friendly intercourse, nothing individually connected with the business of the Turf should be addressed to any of those professionally concerned with it. I am on terms of cordiality with many of the leading trainers, and I put it here to them, whether, since they have known me, I have ever alluded even to their stables in the course of any conversation I have had with them? Again, the nature of my business not requiring daily reports of the odds fluctuating upon remote events—which the Journals must have to regulate the current of exchange, I do not mingle often in the town gossip of Newmarket: my affair is with the horses as they are seen in public, and with their public performances. This has been the relation in which I have acted with racing since I commenced my notices of it. I give all performances there upon my individual responsibility. The reports I give, because all that has reference to the Turf is supposed to be found in a Periodical of this nature. Should their truth or accuracy be questioned, I state the sources (if public) whence they were derived, in keeping with their peculiar character, putting the saddle upon the right horse: if my information be private, of course, I take the liability upon myself.

With this explanation I enter upon the consideration of the three concluding contradictions contained in Mr. Greville's letter to me. "It is not true that any such impression (viz., that Mango had broken down) was sent abroad." With more politeness than has been used towards me—waving the "it is not true," I beg to assert that such was the case. As Mr. Greville has selected the columns of "Bell's Life" for his declaration of war against me: as the Editor of that Journal has volunteered in the capacity of Mr. Greville's Champion—thus menaced by the "duo fulmina BELLI"—I find my materiel of defence furnished by the weapons with which I am attacked. In the introduction to the First October Meeting, is it not thus written in the Chronicle called "Bell's Life in London:"—"Nothing done on the Derby or St. Leger (Newmarket), a report having got about that Mango had either broken down or otherwise fallen lame?" Furthermore, is it not stated, "his trainer soon discovered it was only a foot-lameness, at the same time keeping his own counsel?" If Mr. Greville desires to split straws between "sent abroad" and "got about," he does so with the knowledge that I have disclaimed attributing to him any sinister object. If he has been able to extract a more potent and vile meaning out of—"Mr. Dilly presently discovered it was merely a bruise of the foot, or some trifle of the kind: when this discovery was effected is not stated; but whatever time it was so providentially made, no notice of the circumstance was issued to the public till it could no longer be kept"—than from the official statement in "Bell's Life" (for I may be permitted to assume Mr. Greville adopts all the matters stated anent the affair in question in that paper, as he has thrown himself into its columns to rescue himself from my 'false and malicious libel'), "his trainer soon discovered it was only a foot-lameness, at the same time keeping his own counsel"—he is subtle in logic beyond ordinary capacities.

"It is equally untrue that any attempt at explanation ever took place upon the subject." I demur again, and refer to the Champion's page, which contains the account of the race for the Newmarket Leger, the whole spirit of which is apologetic (except indeed that "keeping his own counsel" of Mr. Dilly), from the first sentence of it, down to the sneer at "the knowing ones, who wondered how a horse that had 'broken down,' and remained three days in the stable, could run a two-mile course with any chance of success." If this passage has a meaning, is it not intended to insinuate that the knowing ones had taken themselves in, instead of being beguiled into the snare of believing a horse seriously amiss that was confined to his stable for three days, while upon the subject of his aliment his trainer "kept his own counsel?"

The last "it is not true" runs thus: "You must have known there never was any course of exchange of a poney to a pound, nor any betting at all till the morning of the race."—Bell's Life per contra: "After his gallops on Saturday Mango was found to be lame, and was not seen out of his stable until Tuesday. Of course the most was made of the circumstance (by whom it is not stated); 'he had broken down,' and twenty to one was actually betted he would not run any more this season."

Have I succeeded in supporting my position that there were reports in existence antecedent to the Leger at Newmarket, that Mango had broken down?—that the fact of his having only received a slight bruise was not "known to everybody at Newmarket on Monday," but kept "for the service of all whom it might concern?" Have I pointed out where the report may be found of his "having been out after dusk," or about six o'clock on Tuesday evening the 3d of October, not leaving the question of daylight or twilight open, as conceiving such a course a little de trop?" Have I shown where the statement may be found that on that Tuesday evening he was galloped privately? Have I established any reasonable grounds for saying that it was pronounced a break down by the trainer, who must have heard the reports in circulation, and by letting them remain uncontradicted, virtually confirmed them? Have I made out a tenable case that something intended to be received as an explanation of these matters was given out; or rebutted the assertion that "there was not any betting at all till the morning of the race," when I quote the 20 to 1 actually betted "he started no more this season," wagered between Saturday and Tuesday? I leave the reply to those who will do me the justice to consider the question upon its merits, and upon the result of that appeal I am willing to rest all claim to their future confidence.

In conclusion—Mr. Greville says, "if you were not present, you have been guilty of a gross imposition on the public; and if you were present, you have wilfully and deliberately published a false and malicious libel on me." This is certainly an ingenious device for carrying the war into an enemy's country.—Mr. Greville here seeks two ends; first, to put me on my defence; and secondly, to force me to acknowledge the paternity of the reports and on dits to which my "libel" refers. I repeat, it is a good point put "ad captandum vulgus," but from all men of sense will recoil upon my adversary. How, I demand, does a line I have written impose upon or mislead the public? Have I not shewn that, if imposed upon, all were imposed upon "whose business it was to know, since they profess to instruct the public in those matters?" Have I given in my account of this "causa teterrima BELLI" one uncorroborated statement?—No: and I will assign my reason for that. I had been assured that the style in which my notices of some events upon the Turf were written were not suited to the taste of certain individuals; friendly hints were given me that I was marked. This made me cautious in using the sources of information accessible to me, unless I found the intelligence obtained through them supported by other testimony. I have strictly kept myself within generally admitted facts—and now I am accused because my narrative does not verbally accord with that published in other quarters! Will such a course avail to injure me with the public? will it enable Mr. Greville to do me an individual mischief? To harbor a doubt in such a case would indeed be a great libel on humanity!

In consequence of communications made to me and to my friends upon the manner of Mr. Greville's letter to me, I am induced to offer a brief notice of it thus publicly. My reply to that gentleman's communication to the Editor of the Sporting Magazine, he has termed in the letter alluded to a "half shuffling, half blustering" attempt to evade his accusation. The "half-bluster," I presume, is intended to apply to the alacrity with which I said my name would have been supplied had he sought it for the purpose of personal explanation or satisfaction. What else could I have said in reply to the acrimonious feeling manifested towards me? The "half-shuffle" consists, I suppose, in my having disclaimed a meaning which I never meant to convey, and in denying the right of any one to impute motives to me. If that be a transgression, then have I offended; but how stands the language applied to the offence, or he who uses it in the matter of good taste? In incivility I confess myself worsted by Mr. Greville, and I have no wish to dispute the victory.

The late Newmarket St. Leger is now fairly before the public as far as the charges which have been brought against me are concerned. It has been attempted to be shewn, that by "offensive insinuations" I have sought to misrepresent the features which gained for the race no small share of notoriety. To the Patrons of this work—to the whole Sporting World—I appeal whether I have not adduced proofs corroborative of the existence of such reports as I have alluded to. Whether false or true, I was bound to notice them, or have been prepared to shew why I alone of all those who had reported that affair cushioned the rumors that were in circulation about it. I have, as I believe, done my duty. If I have exceeded it, I shall cheerfully acknowledge the error at that tribunal where I shall forthwith appeal to be heard, and offer such amende honorable as then may be held fitting. So far the case closes—my accusation has been met, and, I trust, satisfactorily answered; and now one word with my arraigner, and I have done.

You charge me, Sir, by "offensive insinuations," with having attempted to convey that "Mango having met with a slight accident, you endeavored to convert such erroneous notice to your pecuniary advantage." I deny it:—but did I admit the charge, to what does it amount? My implied transgressions even you call only "insinuations." Now, Sir, almost a month preceding the appearance of the number of the "Sporting Magazine" containing those "insinuations," a paragraph appeared in a London paper, in which, alluding to Mango winning the Doncaster St. Leger, it was thus stated:—

"His winning that event has been deemed accidental by some, while others aver that he was 'bottled up,' and continually run to order for the purpose of concealing his pace till then.'......

And of the Newmarket Leger:—"Of course he was the favorite; but as he was to win he was at a wrong figure, it being 6 to 4 on him. As this might not suit some books, he was to be depreciated to a certain degreee, and a whisper of lameness was of course raised: 'dead lame and gone amiss,' the oft recurring phrase, was whispered on every side. But there is a point beyond which public patience will not go, and any attempt to go wrong with Mango NOW would be a *leetle* too bad. So out he came, and albeit many doubts, suspicions, and misgivings had been raised by the tricks and artifices which had been resorted to 'to get the money on,' and to work out a system of humbug and monopoly, which is rapidly destroying public confidence on the Turf, yet Mango 'with all his lameness,' as he had entered the lists was found ready for the contest."!!

Now, Sir, I ask why you have left unnoticed a plain matter of fact statement, such as this, the intent of which "all who run may read," and pour out the vials of your wrath upon the "insinuations which, even according to yourself, are "the head and front of my offending?" "On the horns of this dilemma." I shall leave you, whence I, with all due courtesy, beg the Sporting World to draw its own conclusion. CRAVEN.

REMARKS FROM BELL'S LIFE.

Having published the correspondence on this subject, we feel it due to "CRAVEN" to copy his "justification" from the Sporting Magazine of the present month. In doing so, however, we disclaim any participation in his interpretation of the various quotations from our own and other journals, saving only the one from a weekly paper, and as that is a tissue of grossly calumnious falsehoods, strung with no other view than to "damn" the paper "into fame," we shall not hesitate in giving our opinion, to put it altogether out of the question.—It will be seen that Craven, taking care to forget our answer to his letter in the "Times," continues to lay great stress on the 20 to 1 bet, although what it has to do with the insinuations of Mr. Greville we cannot comprehend. Still less can we discover how the words "got about" (which, in our humble judgment, have a widely different meaning to those complained of, "sent abroad") can bear upon the point—does it necessarily follow that the report emanated from Mr. Greville? Admitting, however, that it did, does it impeach his honor? The horse was lame, and Mr. Greville might very naturally have mentioned the fact without being held responsible for the folly of others in magnifying it into a "break down," or "sending the office to London, Manchester, and York," or, still less, for the much-relied-on bet of 20 to 1. Again, what can be made of the astounding facts that the trainer "kept his own counsel," and that the horse was galloped "privately?" How long has it been the duty of a trainer to go round the town gossiping about his horses? And where is the mighty harm in galloping a horse in a paddock instead of upon a race course? These things have been done for centuries, and it is only Craven who has made the discovery that they are unsportsmanlike. In reviewing Craven's justification, we cannot help observing an extraordinary degree of vascillation—in one part of it he denies that he ever intended to throw out any insinuations against Mr. Greville, while every other part of it is taken up in attempts to twist the quoted paragraphs into meanings, the obvious tendency of which is to create an impression prejudicial to that gentleman. We had almost overlooked one point, viz.. the allusion to Mango's being galloped about six o'clock, which leads to the following question:—"And that hour, upon the third of October, I ask, was there day-light in any spot of Great Britain?" Now, as the sun did not set until sixteen minutes before six o'clock, we may be permitted to assume that there was quite light enough to gallop a horse. Craven introduces his article with the correspondence published in our paper of the 19th ult., and as the paragraphs inserted in it sufficiently explain the nature of the insinuations which gave rise to it, we shall make no apology for confining our quotations to such parts as may be fairly supposed to partake of the title bestowed by Craven on his labored and long-winded statement.

In conclusion we give Craven joy of his "justification" which we unhesita-

tingly pronounce to be throughout as "hollow" a piece of "sophistry" as ever appeared in print. In the same magazine is a long letter from Craven to the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Chesterfield as Stewards of the Jockey Club, which occupies seven weary pages, and amounts simply to a request, that their Lordships will "afford him the earliest opportunity of vindicating himself." If Craven possesses the "cacoethes loquendi" in the same degree as he does the "scribendi," their Lordships will have a weary time of it.

To prove that we are not singular in our view of the correspondence between Mr. Greville and Craven, we subjoin the following remarks on it which appear in the last number of the "New Sporting Magazine:"

Though "Craven's" assumed "Liberty of Prophesying" with respect to future, and his incorrect assertions with respect to past sporting events, have been more than once noticed in our pages, that "smart and successful dramatic author" has continued his airy flight in the regions of imagination, as regardless of our admonition as the unreclaimed Kestrel is heedless of the voice of the falconer. Mr. Greville has, however, brought him to a check; and his despicable shuffling, when charged with propagating—to use Mr. Greville's words—"a false and malicious libel," proves that he is gifted with a double tongue as well as with second sight. He insinuates a charge against Mr. Greville, of causing to be propagated an exaggerated report of Mango's lameness, for a fraudulent purpose, and when challenged by that gentleman to prove the truth of his statement, attempts to explain away the obvious meaning of his own words, by the following piece of arrant quibbling. The part which we print in capitals is an excellent specimen of the writer's usual style of empty mouthing, in which it is vain to search for a glimmering of sense. Does Cravan not perceive that his "most distinct statements," in this instance, can only be received in evidence of his own equivocation, and can by no means affect the previous inferences drawn by others, from the obvious meaning of the objectionable passages? "How an offensive interpretation, as regards the proprietor (of the Old Sporting Magazine)" says the double-tongued Prophet, "can be drawn from the notice of the fluctuation in the odds upon Mango, for the Newmarket Leger, which appeared in the 'The Sporting Magazine' for the present month (November), it is not for me to suggest; BUT I DO MOST DISTINCTLY THINK THAT, NEITHER DIRECTLY NOR BY INFERENCE, CAN SUCH INTENTION ATTACH TO MY ALLUSION TO IT."

If, according to his own explanation, the "smart dramatic author's" reports are of so vague a character; and if, neither directly nor by inference, an intention of insinuating that Mr. Greville, either by himself or others, encouraged a report of Mango's having broken down, can "attach to his allusion to it," we beg to suggest to the "Prophet" the propriety of prefixing the indefinite article to his usual signature:—"A. CRAVEN"—though a feigned name, would be expressive of a real character.

"Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs."

Having expressed ourselves as freely respecting the "Prophet" as he has expressed himself respecting the owner of Mango, we throw aside our own cudgel—a sapling of English oak, hard and heavy, but without a twist, and having no lead at the end—and try a single bout with Craven, at his own puny weapons—foils, with the button on. "How an offensive interpretation can be drawn from our remarks on CRAVEN, it is not for us to suggest; but we do most distinctly state, that neither directly nor by inference, can any intention of questioning his talents or veracity attach to our observations." We leave, however, others to draw an inference for themselves—"Per Hercle!"—as Craven said when he broke Priscian's head, in one of the late bouts with the old Grammarian—"A hit, a very palpable hit."

Referring our readers to our correspondent's correct account of Mango's lameness and the state of the odds—given in the "New Sporting Magazine" for November last, page 209—we conclude our notice of the affair with an old Scots proverb, from Allan Ramsay:—"He that has gotten his fingers into a cloven stick, maun wise them out the best way he can."

## LIFE IN LONDON.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—Mr. Prince, the well known rival of the renowned inventor of the "incomparable Macassar," appeared before Mr. Conant and Mr. Coventry, to complain that his maid Mary had threatened to "scratch his eyes out."

The complainant, who is, according to his own phraseology, of "Sharman abstraction," is fat, furious, and fidgetty, and the defendant short, shrewish, and squinting.

The complaint was stated with much volubility in broken English.

Complainant—Ach! mein goot gentlemens, dis vooman vont not go out mein house. She stop till she scratch von my eye out.

Magistrate—I do not see that your eye is out yet.

Complainant—For vy I come to de shoostice, if it was? She have not scratch my eye yet, but ven she do nobody can put it in again for me.

Mr. Conant—What has the girl done?

Complainant—I tell her yesterday to go vay from me. She knock at me and gif me two boxes—von I haf in my mouth and von in my belly; den she scratch at me so. (The complainant here threw himself into an illustrative attitude, making a noise and motions similar to those which a couple of cats might be supposed to make at the appearance of a favorite tabby.)

Mr. Conant asked the girl for her defence.

She replied it was her province as housekeeper to manage the pantry matters of Mr. Prince. That she found it necessary on the morning in question to send to him for a shilling to buy victuals. Mr. Prince not only "refused the supplies," but came into the kitchen in a towering passion, made a vigorous attack on her mob cap, and gave her so many hard punches that she was compelled to stand upon her own defence, when, as mostly happens in such encounters, the "gray mare proved the better horse." The maid further declared she had made away with many of her clothes to supply the complainant and his family with food. In corroboration she pulled out the mortgage-deeds of numerous articles of ladies clothing, both linen and woollen.

Complainant—Hah! der duyvel! Ax her vere she spend all de two shilling vat I gif her dat morning. She spend it in rum-shin; she drunk herself wid my money.

The maid declared the money had been laid out in household matters. Mottled soap, short sixes, coals, and cabbage plants, had made such a large hole in the shillings that she had been obliged to send for another the next day in order to provide the principal meal.

Complainant—I shwear my life to you. You have say dat you do for me. Tell your vorship vas not somebody dat vas not a lady sleep wid you de oder night.

Defendant—No, but you have often tried to come into my room, and you have told people I am to have a child by you.

Complainant—Hah! hah! Pretty shild dat would be. You Papist—me Jew; you wid de squint—me wid some bandy leg.

Mr. Conant—Well, you have asked a dangerous question, you see. The assault is too trivial for our notice, and we dismiss the case.

The renovator of the finest "ornament to the human countenance," left the office in great dudgeon.

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"Are those your horns?" exclaimed Eglantoun to Lady Londonderry, perceiving a huge pair of antlers as they strolled through the grounds at Wynyard nailed over the door of an out-house. "No, they belong to the Marquis," replied Frances Anne with a look that could not be misunderstood by the favored lordling.

Speaking on the subject of Beyton's visit to the Marquis of Blandford, the Countess of Jersey asked her *protégé* "if, when the subject was broached of raising the Marquis to the peerage, he did not dance for joy?" "Not exactly," replied the whipster statesman, "but when I left him he was *reeling*."

"How do you contrive to get through your difficulties?" inquired Lady Fitzroy Somerset of Alvanley. "With the greatest ease imaginable," replied Al, "I pay all those who have claims upon me in promises. "You must make an exception in my case, then," rejoined the lady, "I shall expect to be paid in the usual way." "And in full you may depend," concluded the gallant nobleman.

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—With regard to exercise, jndge between the two following extremes:—A fox-hunter can get drunk every night in the year, and yet live to an old age; but then he is all exercise and no thought. A sedentary scholar shall not be able to get drunk once in a year with impunity; but then he is all thought and no exercise. Now the great object is neither to get drunk, nor to be all exercise, nor to be all thought; but to enjoy all our pleasures with a sprightly season. The four ordinary secrets of human life are—early rising, exercise, personal cleanliness, and the rising from the table with the stomach unoppressed. There may be sorrows in spite of these, but they will be less with them, and nobody can be truly comfortable without them.


### STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 2d inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola. $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [417] Mobile Ala., June 1. 1837.

### FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, 44 Nassau-street, between Maiden-Lane and Liberty-street, invites public attention to his present extensive stock of Cork-Soled Boots, which will be found superior to any manufactured in this city. His attention to this branch of the business is unceasing, which has gained for him the most extensive trade in that line in this city. They are warranted to combine durability with comfort, and are recommended by gentlemen of the faculty, who are in the constant habit of using them for several years, as the best article for the preservation of health, and the comfort of those who may be affected with consumptive disease. He is constantly supplied with double-soled boots of a very superior quality. A splendid supply of French Patent Leather Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, and every other article connected with the business. He requires but one trial to convince the public, that his boots, pumps, &c., are of the best description, and will give general satisfaction. [d23-tf.]


### SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Hallmalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis Williams names b. — by Hallmalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co, Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.

We agree to go an inside stake of $200, p.p. in or with our entries.
Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqneror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p.; free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names prodnce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

### SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

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WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 15th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska. by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proserpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b c. Edinborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strap.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissextile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro. out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B. Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Riddlesworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

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CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. o21]

### SWEEPSTAKES,
### Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
. W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
. " " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b f Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Nell Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailor.

Dec. 9th, 1836. [Closed.]

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforhila, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nehusta, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ———

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

### SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs.

A Sweepstakes is now open to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1838, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st April, 1838. Now several subs.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address
[n18-tlJ] J H OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

### WESTERN COURSE—COLUMBUS, Ga.

THE Races over the above course will commence on Tuesday, 27th Feb. next, when the following purses will be offered:—

| | |
|---|---|
| *First day*—Mile heats, Purse | $300 |
| *Second day*—Two mile heats | 500 |
| *Third day*—Three mile heats | 700 |
| *Fourth day*—Four mile heats | 1000 |
| *Fifth day*—Mile heats, best 3 in 5 | 400 |

On the day preceding the regular races there will be run a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h ft. Two mile heats. Nine subs. and closed.
[J6] M. W. THWEATT, *Sec'y.*


### CARLTON HOUSE,

NO. 350 and 352 Broadway, (fronting on Broadway, Leonard, and Benson streets.)—The subscriber (late proprietor of the American Hotel) offers his grateful acknowledgments to his friends throughout the country, for their patronage at that hotel, and respectfully announces to them that he has been entrusted with the above large and extensive establishment (recently erected by Joshua Walker, Esq.) which will be open for the reception of company on the 1st of Jan. It is admirably calculated to afford to visitors who reside a few weeks in the city, an agreeable and retired home; and may be regarded from its commanding and elevated position, as the most salubrious, central, and eligible public residence in the city; it will conducted with a strict regard to the usages and habits of private life, combining order and comfort in every department.

A Coffee Room will be prepared by the middle of February, for the accommodation of gentlemen who prefer that mode of living; and chambers on the upper floor will be disposed of with or without board. Extensive accommodations will be reserved for families. Public tables will be served up daily at half-past 3 and 5 o'clock throughout the year.

The prices for Board, Lodging Fires, &c., will be found on the Regulations of the House, and the terms, it is confidently believed, will meet the approbation of all.

The Tables, Wines, and other accommodations of the House, will not be surpassed by any other hotel in the United States; and the personal exertions of the subscriber will be unceasingly directed to the comfort of those who visit the establishment.

New York, Dec. 18, 1837. [J6-6t] EDWARD MILFORD.


### SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.
3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.
4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. [illegible], h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. [illegible], h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.
6 Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100. h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.
7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

*St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov.* 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor.*

### SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

*Sweepstakes for* 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

*Sweepstakes for* 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

*Sweepstakes for* 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

**Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.**

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

### SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs. [d23] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*


### FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

### FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o28]

### MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

### FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

### THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

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New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

### RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13

### DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

### THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. up-stairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.
jy22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

### TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by
[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

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TERMS.

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To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [o14]